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A

METRICAL

HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

&c. &c.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of CLARENCE

A

METRICAL

History of England;

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS, IN RHYME,

Of some of the most prominent Features in our

NATIONAL CHRONOLOGY,

FROM THE

LANDING OF JULIUS CÆSAR,

TO THE

COMMENCEMENT OF THE REGENCY,

IN 1812.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"Their Names, their Years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse." GRAY.

BY THOMAS DIBDIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR," "THE CABINET," AND OTHER DRAMATIC ATTEMPTS.

The Authorities from Hume, Hollingshead, Smollett, Salmon, Dr. Goldsmith, Gibbon, Dr. Henry, J. P. Andrews, De Moleville, Lockman, Rapin, &c. &c.

With Characteristic Quotations, Illustrative Annotations, &c. &c.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,

BY JOSEPH HARTNELL, WINE-OFFICE-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

AND SOLD BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWNE, PATERNOSTER ROW;
BY R. W. ELLISTON, AT HIS ESTABLISHMENT IN BRISTOL;
AND BY ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1813.

DA
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TO

FRANCIS FLADGATE, ESQ.

THIS VOLUME

IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS FRIEND

AND SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

ENGLAND.

PART THE SEVENTH.

From the Accession of the House of York, to the Death of Henry VIII.

CONTENTS.

Edward IV.—*Death of Henry* VI. *and of his Son.—Edward* V. *Richard* III.—*Battle of Bosworth Field.—Union of York and Lancaster, by the Accession of Henry* VII.

SUMMARY

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

Born at Rouen, in Normandy, 1441-2. Crowned at Westminster, March 4th, 1461. Married Elizabeth, Widow of Sir John Grey, of Groby; by whom he had George, who died young; Edward V. who succeeded; Richard, Duke of York; Elizabeth, afterwards married to Henry VII.; Ann,* Wife to Philip, Son of Maximilian, Archduke of Austria; Cicely, married to Lord Wells; Mary, died unmarried; Catherine, espoused to William Courtney, Earl of Devonshire; and Bridget, who took the veil. Edward reigned Twenty-two years; died at Westminster; and was buried at Windsor, in 1483.

Principal Events.

The Battles of Hexham, Tewkesbury, &c.; with many other civil contests, said to have destroyed, in the field or on the scaffold, most of the ancient Nobility. Deaths of Henry VI. and his Son Edward; the Earl of Warwick, &c. The Duke of Clarence drowned in a Malmsey butt. The Art of Printing introduced in England from Germany.

Eminent Persons.

Thomas Bourlieur, Archbishop of Canterbury; Nevil, Earl of Warwick, called the Kingmaker; Beaufort, Duke of Somerset; Richard, Duke of Gloucester. Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester; and Antony Widville, Earl Rivers, are inserted

* This Princess is also said to have married Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and Earl Marshal.

in

in the Catalogue of Noble Authors. William Caxton, Mercer of London, the first Printer, (practised his Art in Westminster Abbey, 1471). Jane Shore.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Popes.

Pius II. 1458. Paul II. 1464. Sextus IV. 1471

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Frederic II. 1440.
Of the Turks.—Mahomet II. 1453. Bajazet II. 1481.

Kings.

Of France.—Louis IX. 1461.
Of Portugal.—Alphonsus V. 1438. John II. 1481.
Of Denmark and Sweden. } Christian I. 1440. John I. 1481.
Of Scotland.—James III. 1460.

HOUSE

HOUSE OF YORK.

EDWARD THE FOURTH.*

" I've kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids."
MRS. BROOKES.

" And now what rests but that we spend our time
" With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shews,
" Such as befit the pleasures of the court."
SHAKESPEARE.

" He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
" To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."
IBID.

KING EDWARD was handsome, was gay, debonair,
His foes found him warlike, abroad in the field;
When he conquer'd the brave, he could vanquish the fair,
And to beauty in turn was too oft known to yield.

Yet some time elapsed e're his festival reign
Was permitted to revel in safety and peace;

* It is observed by Hume and others, that scarcely two historians agree as to the dates of circumstances occuring in this reign.

For

For HENRY yet claimed his paternal domain,
Nor did MARGARET's praise-worthy energies cease.

By succour assisted from Scotland and France,
Once more with her boy against YORK she makes head ;
And the banner of HENRY is seen to advance
By the QUEEN, LA VARENNE* and bold SOMERSET led.

At Hexham the Marquis of MONTAGUE meets
The heroine, true to her sovereign lord ;
And spite of it's valour, her army defeats,
When happy the soldier who 'scapes from his sword.

Deserted, on foot, o'er the desolate wild,
No roof to preserve from a storm-boding sky,
Poor MARGARET wanders ; and presses her child
To a bosom half bursting with agony's sigh.

* Seneschal of Normandy.

And

And "is there no help!" cried the sorrowing Queen,
"For the son of a father so mild and so good?
"No cottage to shield from the night blast so keen,
"No guard to protect from the bands of the wood?

"In battle these nerves were with fortitude braced,
"And for thee, dearest boy, cou'd each danger despise;
"Now foil'd and defeated, proscribed and disgraced,
"The woman returns and the heroine flies."

"You fly not by heaven," exclaim'd an unknown,
"'Till your wealth I'm possess'd of whate'er your degree;
"The world is my kingdom, this forest my throne,
"None pass it unless they pay tribute to me.

"Deceit of false friends while prosperity smiled,
"Despoil'd me of all I had power to give;
"Now just retribution for kindness beguil'd,
"Demands in return, on mankind I should live.

"They

" They call me a robber, the proud ones who dare
" To plunder their Sov'reign, his child, and his wife ;
" Of his crown they King HENRY to rob did'n't spare,
" Yet for poor crowns that *I* seize the law takes my life.

" No words then, your riches my risk must repay,
" Their wealth all bear with them in times such as these ;
" Yours seems to add *weight* to the cares of the way,
" And what gives *you* such pain, *I* can carry with ease.

The boy in her mantle she closely had prest,
Now close and more close, as the savage drew nigh ;
And thinking some treasure she clasp'd to her breast,
He seiz'd her, while she, with hysterical cry :

" Intruder ! the son of your master respect,
" The offspring of HENRY the mild and the good ;

" His

" His mother demands that your Prince you protect
" From white-rose assailants who thirst for his blood !

" With feelings electric, amazed and subdued,
" With rev'rence the ruffian to earth bent his knee ;
" And he, who late threaten'd in accents so rude,
" Entreated permission her champion to be.

" And safely he led them thro' thicket and brake,
" To the hut of a peasant whose heart like his own,
" Form'd faithfully loyal, for loyalty's sake,
" Adhered to a Prince tho' bereft of his throne.

Thus aided, the Queen cross the sea to her friends*
In short period after, found means to depart ;
And tho' haply too poor to make royal amends,
Her guides met reward, for—they each had a heart.

* The outlaw and his friend conducted the royal wanderers to Bamborough Castle, whence they shortly sailed for Sluys.—This story is from the authority of

MONSTRELET.

HENRY

HENRY, from overcaution, Scotland leaves,
England he seeks in unpropitious hour:
Where, prisoner made, that want of faith he grieves,
Which gives him mournful lodging in the Tower.*

EDWARD most wisely to detach
From MARGARET the Gallic court's protection,
The famous Earl of WARWICK with dispatch,
Sends to King LOUIS to propose a match,
Between the Princess BONA and himself.
But by a sudden turn of new affection,
That prudent plan was laid upon the shelf;
And, ere Lord WARWICK could have well arrived,
The King was by an English subject wived.
For it fell out one day,
That Widow GREY†
Having

* "Sir James Harrington discovered the forlorn monarch while dining at Waddington Hall, Lancashire, and brought him to Town with his legs tied to the stirrups; for this service Edward gave the knight many manors, which Henry VII. took away from him."

HARINGTON—STOW—NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ, &c.

† "This beautiful widow was the daughter of Jacqueline, Duchess of Bedford, by her second husband, Lord Widville, and had been married to Sir John Grey, of Groby. She told Edward when he addressed her, that "though too humble to be his wife, she

Having a suit about her children's lands:
So played her part,
The Monarch's heart,
Plump as a partridge, popp'd into her hands.

Now against EDWARD's folly wagg'd each tongue;
And yet the widow, tho' they say,
And truly too, that she was *grey*,
Was well-bred, witty, beautiful and young.
But Kings, 'tis quite as hard as it is true,
Are born to *wed*—with *love* they've nought to do.

WARWICK and LOUIS fool'd in such a fashion,
Flew in a passion;
WARWICK espous'd King HENRY's cause, and thus
LOUIS' best men,
And mighty MARGARET, (herself an host
When at her post,)
Upon the sea the red rose flag exalted;
And never halted

she was too high to become his concubine." There are doubts whether Warwick's defection was not less on account of this marriage, than from an unprincipled attempt of Edward's to seduce the daughter or niece of (Warwick) his benefactor."
HALL.

'Till

Till French and English, *pied a terre*, were ready
To shout "Vive HENRY," and "Down with NEDDY."

(A brief parenthesis permit, to say,
WARWICK had been the luckiest of his day,
Let him of what he would be undertaker;
And in those revolutionary ups and downs,
He so did settle and unsettle crowns,
They, not unaptly, styled him "the King-maker.")

Ev'n EDWARD's brother, CLARENCE, joins the Earl,
And YORK's Archbishop, OXFORD, SOMERSET,
In HENRY's name their banners proud unfurl;
And MONTAGUE, who late in anger met
The QUEEN at Hexham, now her cause espouses.
While Englishmen, by so long feud opprest,
And wishing very much to be at rest,
With reason cry "A plague of both your houses!"
Near Banbury King EDWARD gets a beating,
Taken by WARWICK, they with care convey
His Majesty to Yorkshire; whence, defeating

His keeper's vigilance, he finds the way
To join his friends at Stamford.—Victory*
Changes again her side; with WARWICK fly
CLARENCE and Co. to France, supplies and aid
She amply lends, and such dispatch is made
That EDWARD yields in turn, deposed, o'erthrown,
And WARWICK sets on HENRY's head the crown.

A little year, scarce more, a King was he,
E're *ecce it'rum*, EDWARD o'er the sea
Brings men and means, at RAVENSPUR he lands,
And modestly his dukedom but demands;
'Till fickle CLARENCE† from poor HAL secedes,
Again in civil strife old England bleeds,
'Till Barnet's bloody field closed WARWICK's power
And life,‡—while EDWARD re-ascends the throne;
The changeling court again his sceptre own,
And HENRY, fortune's fool, beholds the tower.

With

* Field Pieces are first mentioned as used at this battle:—"The King sparkled the enemy with his ordnance, slew many of the commons, and thereby gained the victory." LELAND.

† J. P. ANDREWS says, "No scenes in Pantomime could be shifted more nimbly than those of this year."

‡ The Marquis of Montague fell in striving to rescue his brother Warwick. The Duke of Exeter, who had been the greatest

With one most desp'rate fatal effort more,
The unsubdued, tho' often conquer'd Queen,
The fields of TEWKESBURY imbues with gore.
And, wou'd some kinder duty mine had been,
Than tell how EDWARD, royal MARGARET's son,
Gracing the train of him the day who won,
With words, becoming such a Prince, address'd
Proud "EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOS'TER, and the rest,"
Who (gall'd, the glorious filial lad should dare
Speak like his honor'd father's rightful heir),
"Buried their fatal daggers in his breast."
And, hapless HENRY! now thine hour is come,
Relentless RICHARD has pronounced thy doom;
Destroy'd by him, as most historians tell,
"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,"
And, kinder hearted monarch never fell!

greatest subject under Henry VI. and reduced to begging in his cause, perished in attempting to escape.

FABIAN, who lived at this period, says, he was by the King's servants incontinently slain. HALL says, that they who stood about, viz. Clarence, Gloucester, Dorset, and Hastings, suddenly murdered the Prince. FABIAN also says, from "common fame," that Henry was killed by the Duke of Gloucester; while HORACE WALPOLE observes, Mob stories, or Lancasterian forgeries, ought to be rejected from sober history.

Vide P. DE MOLEVILLE.

For MARGARET—permit that here
The Muse should claim an honest tear;
Unyielding matron in thine infants cause!
Great Queen! had HAL possessed but half thy nerve,
Thou had'st not needed gain that sound applause,
Thy princely actions ever will deserve.

Imprison'd, shame on't, 'till her ransom paid,
Unkingly souls! who cou'd a price demand;
Heroic MARGARET, by foreign aid,
Return'd in sorrow to her native land.
Returned to mourn the sad mistaken day,
Ambition taught her tow'ring soul to stray,
And charmed her from her household gods away.

EDWARD takes Berwick from the Scot,
Then hies to France in angry mood,
But, at Pecquigni, quarrels are forgot,
And England, rare to say, has truce from blood;
Save where his arts intriguing GLO'STER tries,
And CLARENCE, victim of a brother, dies.
'Tis strange in NED, who loved the fair, we find,
At once a tender and terrific mind,

Lib'ral

Lib'ral in love, and brave,—upon the whole
He own'd a very little sort of soul.
Some fancied prophet cries G shall succeed
The King, and lo! he makes GEORGE CLARENCE bleed.
EDWARD, in hunting, kills a fav'rite buck,
His hasty owner curst him for his luck,
He dies.*—Another elf, who kept the crown,†
For mere assertion that his only son
Was heir to it, his forfeit life lays down;
Pity that EDWARD e'er a crown had won.
With three gay mistresses,‡ and one fair wife,
In love's allurements EDWARD pass'd his life;
One well he loved, (of whom the story goes,
That RICHARD's pow'r bade famine end her woes.)
Our page might notice, but what wou'd you more
That matchless ROWE has told of dying SHORE;
Whose sad "severe repentance could not save
"From want, from shame, and an untimely grave."

* Thomas Burdett, a Warwickshire Gentleman.

† Walter Walker, a Grocer of London.

‡ Of whom he was wont to say, one was the merriest, one the wittiest, and a third the holiest, man ever boasted.
MEDULLA HISTORIÆ ANGLICANÆ.

Now

Now EDWARD's days bid masks and shows entwine
Their charms, no roses now to strife invite;
Or if they mention make of red or white,
'Tis only when they're speaking of their wine.

By some excess, the King at last o'erta'en,
(If not by poison), terminates his reign;
GLO'STER attended him, and some suspicion
Attach'd of course to such a *kind* physician.

The art of Printing first with us was known
This reign; from Germany it found it's way;
And CAXTON's* press the prototype we own,
Of all that since has gilded learning's way.

* Caxton, who was employed to print a work of Antony Widville, Earl Rivers, thus oddly concludes it in his own words:

"Go, thou little Quayer, and recommaund me
"Unto the good grace of my precious Lord
"Th'erle Ryveris; for I have emprinted thee
"At his commandement, following ev'ry worde
"His copye, as his Secretarie can recorde;
"At Westmestre, of Feverer the XX Day,
"And of King Edwarde the XVII. Yere viaye.

"Emprinted by Caxton,
"In Feverer, the colde season."

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

EDWARD THE FIFTH.

Born in Westminster Abbey, A. D. 1470. Reigned Two Months. Supposed to have been murdered, and buried in the Tower, 1483. His bones were sought for, and, with those of his brother, removed to Westminster, in 1674.

Principal Events.

The deaths of most of the young King's relatives on the scaffold.

Eminent Persons.

Thomas Borlieur, Archbishop of Canterbury. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Protector. Edward, Earl of Warwick, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, (Children of George, Duke of Clarence). Earl Grey; Marquis of Dorset; William, Lord Hastings.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Pope.

Sextus IV. 1471.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Frederic III. 1440.
Of the Turks.—Bajazet II. 1481.

Kings.

Of France.—Charles VIII. 1483
Of Portugal.—John II. 1481.
Of Denmark and Sweden. } John 1481.
Of Scotland.—James III. 1460.

EDWARD THE FIFTH.

" What's this
" That rises like the issue of a King,
" And bears upon his baby brow the round
" And top of Sov'reignty ?"

" Fading or e'er he blossom'd."

" Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
" And send thy hearers weeping to their beds."

SHAKESPEARE.

" 'TWAS at the silent midnight hour,"
When deeds of murder vainly try
To shun all-seeing Heaven's eye,
And awful darkness wrapt the Tower
Where innocence was doom'd to die;
That crook-soul'd RICHARD's ruffian crew,
Starting at every hollow gust that blew,
Through vaulted passage stole, and arch-way low,
Where shadows mock'd the flickering taper's glow,
And, e'en the noise their felon steps impart,
Struck nameless terror to each coward heart!

Ah,

Ah, sweetly then two royal infants slept,
Whose guardian Angels would have wept;
Did Angels weep? not for the fate of those,
They waited soon to waft to God's repose.
But for the poor deluded men who sold
Their everlasting hopes for cursed gold;
And for his deep perdition who could lull
His conscience to commission of such deeds,
For whom some victim daily bleeds,
E're yet the measure of his guilt be full!
Chill silence reign'd, unless some rip'ling wave
Of Thames with placid noise the fortress lave;
Or echo mark the sentry's measured tone,
Or haply of some prison'd wretch the groan,
Pierces the guarded wall with half-distinguish'd moan.
Then with averted look and panting breath,
The wreckless ministers of death
Approach the sleeping pair; unconscious they,
And undisturbed by guilty conscience lay,
'Till by the suffocating pillow prest,*
They changed their mortal for immortal rest.

The

* Historians have many doubts as to the commission of this alledged murder;—one proof offered to the contrary is from a curious

The fiends below with exultation fell,
And glee infernal shout the royal knell;
'Till, Heaven corrected, they remain
Cover'd in silence and accustom'd pain.
Then, rising to extatic harmony,
Celestial sounds that direful yell replace;
While loud Hosannas rend the sky,
And welcome virtue to the throne of grace!
How on that night did RICHARD sleep?
Ah! well for him might angels weep!

curious document, said to be the Coronation Roll of Richard III. from which it would appear that Prince Edward walked at his Uncle's coronation. The entry is as follows:

"To Edward, Son of the late King Edward the Fourth, for his apparel and arraye, that is to say,—a shorte gowne, made of two yards and three-fourths crymsyn clothe, of golde, lyned with two yards three-fourths of blac velvet; a long gowne, made of six yards of crymsyn clothe, of golde, lyned with six yards of green damask; a doublet and a stomacher, made of two yards of blac sattin, &c. &c.; besides two foot clothes, a bonnet of purple velvet and nine saddle housings of blue velvet, gilt spurs, with many other rich articles and magnificent apparel, for his henchmen or pages."—The above is copied, with similar variations of orthography, (occurring in the same words) from the original, by Mr. Walpole, who was gratified with the perusal of it by Mr. Chamberlain, of the Great Wardrobe.

Vide BERTRAND DE MOLEVILLE'S *Hist. of Gt. Britain.*

"It has, however, been suggested by Mr. Walpole himself, that these garments might probably have been intended for Edward the Fifth's Coronation, before Richard disclosed his designs." HISTORIC DOUBTS, AND ANSWER.

SUMMARY

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

RICHARD THE THIRD,

SURNAMED

CROOKBACK.

Born A.D. 1450. Proclaimed King in June, 1483. Married Ann, Daughter of Nevil, the great Earl of Warwick, and Widow of Edward, Son to Henry VI. He had issue, Edward, who died young. Reigned little better than two years. Was killed at the battle of Bosworth Field, and buried at Leicester, in 1485.

Principal Events.

Duke of Buckingham beheaded. Earl of Richmond lays claim to the crown, and wins it by arms.

Eminent Persons.

Thomas Bourlier, Archbishop of Canterbury. Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond. Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. Vere, Earl of Oxford. Thomas Lord Stanley. Howard, Duke of Norfolk. Francis Viscount Lovel. Sir Richard Ratcliffe. Sir William Catesby.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Popes.

Sextus IV. 1471, Innocent VIII. 1484.

Emperors.

Of Germany—Frederic II. 1440.
Of the Turks.—Bajazet II. 1481.

Kings.

Kings.

Of France.—Charles VIII. 1483.
Of Portugal.—John II. 1481.
Of Denmark and Sweden. } John, 1481.
Of Scotland.—James III. 1460.

RICHARD

RICHARD III. SURNAMED CROOKBACK.

"I know that deformed—he is a thief."

"A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
"Who from a shelf a precious diadem stole,
"And put it in his pocket."

SHAKESPEARE.

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the Dog,
"Rule all England under the Hog."

DOGGERELS OF THE DAY.*

THE VICTIMS,

A PARODY.

WHEN GLO'STER, hump-back'd Prince, was young,
While yet on fostering breast he hung,
His mind being, like his body, made ill,
The VICES throng'd around his cradle;
Exulting, sneering, grinning, fighting,
They set his early teeth a biting;

* For the composition of which W. Collingbourne, Esq. who had been Sheriff of Wiltshire and Devonshire, was executed.

By

By turns they taught the embrio King
To roar and cry for every thing;
Once, while he slept and all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd
From scenes of the succeeding age,
Each fiend prophetic snatch'd a page;
And, as they oft had shewn apart,
Dark lessons of their forceful art,
Each borrow'd from the future hour,
Some victim of the tyrant's power;
And mutually agreed to pry
Into their darlings destiny.

First CLARENCE came, his taste to try,
(Near him a Malmsey butt they laid),
Who back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the choice himself had made.*

Next HENRY's SON,† his eye on fire,
With just reproof the tyrant stings,
One savage blow speaks RICHARD's ire,
And the youth soars on seraph wings.

* George, Duke of Clarence, it is said, having been offered a choice as to the mode of his death, was by such melancholy election drowned in a butt of malmsey wine.

† The gallant Prince Edward, murdered in cold blood after the battle of Tewkesbury.

In

In woeful guise of sad despair,
King HENRY mourns his hopes beguil'd,
'Till GLO'STER's dagger ends his care,
And sends the father to his child.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delusive measure?
Still it whisper'd royal pleasure
To EDWARD's son, and promis'd thrones and pow'r.

Still did her voice the cheat prolong,
While their fell uncle in the Tower,
Thought fit to echo the deceitful song,
And where of loyalty the theme she chose,
His hypocritic voice was heard at ev'ry close;
And YORK and EDWARD fell into the snare.

And longer had she sung, but with a frown
The Duke impatient rose,
He threw his artful mask in fury down,
And with a withering look,
Of HASTINGS, RIVERS, VAUGHAN, and GREY* he took

* Hastings, beheaded in the Tower for his attachment to the rights of the royal children; and the other three, their near relations, put to death at Pomfret.

The

The lives: and bid his hellish agents do
A deed so horrible and dread—
Ne'er were half-stifled shrieks so full of woe,
As when the fell assassins press'd
Against each struggling infant's breast;
And tho' some time each dreary pause between,
Dejected pity at their side,
Her soul subduing voice applied:
Still on the couch of innocence they lean,
'Till each strain'd ball of sight announce the victims dead!

Unsteady BUCKINGHAM, whose friendship fixed
The crown on RICHARD, mourns his fallen state;
His cup of death ungrateful GLOSTER mix'd,
And one he cherish'd sells him to his fate.*

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
The Wife of RICHARD† sat retired;

* The Duke of Buckingham having levied a force against Richard, for evading certain promises made before he obtained the crown, was deserted by his army, and delivered to his enemy by the treachery of Ban ster, a confidential servant, who had been greatly obliged by the Duke.

* Ann, the Widow of Edward, Son of Henry VI. who unaccountably married her husband's murderer, by whom, it is supposed, her own death was hastened.

And,

And, from her wretched regal seat,
In notes by sorrow render'd sweet,
Pour'd to Prince EDWARD's shade her plaintive soul;
And deeply grieves that e'er she found,
Like EVE, the soft beguiling sound
Of the keen serpent's voice, which gently stole
Within her heart, her duty to betray;
When after once or twice refusing,
Oh, woman's weakness! past excusing,
She on the Crook-back threw herself away!

But oh! how alter'd was the mournful tone,
When HARRY RICHMOND, arm'd with title true,
His Baldrick 'cross his shoulder flung,
And, with enliv'ning trumpet, blew
A call to arms that thro' the island rung!
His claim announcing to the English throne.

ELIZABETH, late EDWARD's Queen,
With age so gay, and youth so green,
To join his standard soon were seen;

And STANLEY inwardly rejoiced to hear,
And RICE AP THOMAS* seized his Cambrian spear.

Last came BOSWORTH's warlike trial,
RICHARD for his crown advancing;
First to the soldiery some words address,
But soon he saw brave HENRY defy all,
(And *fighting*, far than *talking* he lov'd best).
They might have thought, who heard the fray,
That in dark Pandæmonium's shade,
All Milton's dæmon's were array'd;
Such clang of arms, and coursers prancing.
While, as on sounding shield the faulchion rings,
Death, in his ebon car, drove fiercely round;
And RICHARD's corse† among the slain was found!
And HENRY on that well fought day,
His worth and valour to repay,
Received a crown upborne on Vict'ry's wings.

* A Welch Chief, of great influence, who was one of the first to join Henry when he landed at Milford.

† Richard's body, after being exposed, was buried in the church of the Grey Friars, in Leicester. Henry VII. bestowed a monument on it, which was demolished at the dissolution of Abbies, under Henry VIII; and the monarch's stone coffin actually served for a horse-trough, at the White Horse Inn: Sic transit gloria mundi!

Just

Just at this scene young GLO'STER 'woke,
And begg'd, not relishing the joke,
His tutors would so civil be,
As alter the catastrophe.

But that which is decreed by fate,
Must surely happen, soon or late;
And what, as fiction has been stated,
All came to pass, as we've related.

HOUSE OF TUDOR,

AND UNION OF THE FAMILIES OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

HENRY THE SEVENTH.

Born in Wales, A. D. 1457. Crowned 1485, on the Field of Battle. Married Elizabeth, Daughter of Edward IV. Had issue, Arthur, Prince of Wales, who died, aged 17; Henry, who succeeded to the Throne; Edmund and Edward, both died young; as did Elizabeth and Catherine; Margaret, married to James IV. of Scotland; Mary, to Louis XII. of France, and subsequently to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Henry reigned near Twenty-three Years. Died April 22d, 1509, in the Fifty-second Year of his age; and was buried at Westminster.

Principal Events.

Insurrections, and defeat, of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck: the first pretending to be the Earl of Warwick, the latter, Duke of York. Death of the Earl of Warwick. Prince Henry marries his deceased Brother's betrothed Wife. The Star Chamber Court established. America, and the Cape of Good Hope, discovered. The King built Chapels at Windsor and Westminster, and turned the Savoy Palace into an Hospital. The Sweating Sickness made great mortality.

Eminent Persons.

John Morton, Henry Chichcley, Thomas Langton, Archbishops of Canterbury. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, Mother

Mother of the King; (named in the Catalogue of Royal Authors). Cardinal Morton, Lord Chancellor. Fox, Bishop of Winchester. Sebastian Cabot, a great Navigator. Empsom and Dudley, extortionate Ministers of the King.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Popes.

Innocent VIII. 1484. Alexander VI. 1492. Pius III. 1503. Julius III. 1503.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Frederic III. 1440. Maximilian I. 1493.
Of the Turks.—Bajazet II. 1481.

Kings and Queen.

Of France.—Charles VIII. 1483. Louis XII. 1498.
Of Spain.—Ferdinand* the Catholic, and Isabella, 1475.
Of Portugal.—John II. 1481. Emanuel, 1495.
Of Denmark and Sweden. } John, 1481.
Of Scotland.—James III. 1460. James IV. 1489.

* Till this period Spain had been divided into three different Governments, viz. Leon, Castile, and Arragon, under distinct Sovereigns; but, by the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella, Heiress of Castile and Arragon, the whole was united in one Kingdom.

Lockman.

HENRY THE SEVENTH.

" Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold."
THOMSON.

" We will unite the White Rose with the Red."

———————————— " There grows
" In my most ill-composed affection, such
" A stanchless avarice, that, were I a King,
" I should cut off the nobles for their lands.
SHAKESPEARE.

" Of a noble race was Shenkin."
WELCH BALLADS.

In metre most unpolished,
Than which, not the times were ruder,
My muse shall sing,
We gained a King
From the house of OWEN TUDOR.

Who woo'd the beauteous widow,
Of fighting fifth KING HARRY;
And she from a crown
Stepp'd kindly down
A simple 'squire to marry.

Their

Their grandson HAL an heirship,
From JOHN of GAUNT pretended,
But some said *nay*,
'Till he won the day,
And there the question ended,

DICK* lost his crown in battle,
And Vict'ry deigned to place it
On HENRY'S head,
Who smiling said,
Qui Capit ille facit.

ELIZA then he wedded,
For the Queen her mother brought her
The fight to see,
In hopes that he
Who won might take her daughter.

'Till the battle fierce subsided,
Poor BESS was afraid to look up;
But DICK once dead,
She rais'd her head,
And the Conqueror she took up.

* Richard III.

With

With royal condescension,
He call'd her best of creatures ;
And in gold, red, and blue,
For her guard drest a crew
Of the first enrolled BEEF-EATERS,

Yet he met great opposition,
From MADGE of York,* and *her* kin ;
W' , it's known very well,
Induced to rebel
LAMBERT SIMNEL, and WARBECK PERKIN.

The first as Earl of Warwick,
To rule the land unable,
The King him took,
To learn from his cook,†
How to rule the roast at table.

Next PERKIN thought the title
Of York wou'd him sit well on,

* Margaret of York, Duchess Dowager of Burgundy, and Sister of Edward the Fourth, a sworn enemy to the House of Lancaster.

† He was made Scullion, and afterwards Falconer, to the King; in the latter post he died.

Got

Got a royal wife,*
Then lost his life,
For they hang'd him like a felon.†

Two Lawyers‡ chiefly governed,
In each finance transaction,
And the people squeez'd,
'Till much displeased,
They call'd for satisfaction.

Then Cornwall folks revolted,
And the north too, tired of taxes,
Essay'd the field,
But, forced to yield,
Made work for ropes and axes,

* James of Scotland gave him in marriage the Lady Catherine Gordon, Daughter of the Earl of Huntley, and Kins-woman to the King. After the defeat of her husband, to whom she was much attached, King Henry treated her with respect, gave her a pension, and introduced her to his Queen.—Sir James Cradock obtained the Widow's hand.

† "James back'd the cause of that weak Prince
"Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
"Who on the gibbet paid the cheat."

WALTER SCOTT.

‡ Sir Richard Empsom, and Edmund Dudley, who were executed in the next Reign.

The

The PRINCE of WALES, young Arthur,
Soon after wedlock dying,
By the King's next son,
His spouse was won,
Who had cause to rue complying.*

When HENRY's reign was ended,
The crown to his son bequeathing:
He left more gold,
In sums untold,
Than any monarch breathing.

In this reign, by our Court rejected,
COLUMBUS sailed from Cadiz,
And found, they say,
America,
By which Spain's fortune made is.

Empson and Dudley serious plagues were thought,
The sweating sickness also did prevail;
And tho' per bushel wheat but six-pence brought,
Much discontent did thro' the land prevail.

* Queen Catherine of Arragon, betrothed to Arthur, married to, and divorced by, Henry VIII.

Poetic

Poetic Specimens of Henry the Seventh's Reign,

Published by Wynkyn de Worde, and supposed to be a Translation from the French.

Upon this horse, black and hideous, Death am I
who fiercely doth sitte;
There is no fairness, but sight tedious, all gay
colours I do hitte;
My horse runneth by dales and hilles,
And many he smiteth dede and killes.

In my trap I take some every way, by Towns and
Castles I take my rent:
I will not respite an hour of a day, before me they
must be present;
I flea all with my mortal knife,
And, of duetye, I take the life.

Hell knoweth well my killing, I slepe never, but
wake and warke,
It followeth me ever, running, with my darte I
slea week and starke;
A great number it hath of me
Paradise hath not the fourth part.

☞ The following is from a M.S. of this reign, which treats of the method of acquiring the science of Music.

Who pleyethe on the harpe, he sholde pleye trewe;
Who syngythe a songe, let hys voyce be tunáble;
Who wrestythe the clavycorde, mystunynge eschewe;*
Who blowthe a trompét, let ys winde be measurà-ble;
For instromentes themselves be firmè and stable,
And of trowthè woldè trowthè, to every man's songe,
Tune them then trewly, for in them is no wronge.

* Avoid discord.

END OF PART THE SEVENTH.

ENGLAND.

PART THE EIGHTH.

From the Accession of Henry VIII. *to the Union of England and Scotland, under the title of Great Britain.*

CONTENTS.

Henry VIII.—*Cardinal Wolsey.*—*Edward* VI.—*Mary* I.—*Religious Persecutions.*—*Elizabeth.*—*Defeat of the Spanish Armada.*—*Accession of James* I.

SUMMARY

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

HENRY THE EIGHTH,

THE FIRST ENGLISH KING STYLED

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

Born at Greenwich, A. D. 1491. Began to reign, April 2d, 1509. Married *only* six times; viz.—to Catherine of Arragon, from whom he was divorced; she died in retirement, at Kimbolton. Mary I. was daughter of this Queen. Anne Boleyn, (Mother of Queen Elizabeth) beheaded. Jane Seymour, died in child-bed of Edward VI. Anne Cleves, divorced, and died in retirement. Catherine Howard, beheaded. Catherine Parr, Widow of Lord Latimor, escaped the enmity of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and others, and survived Henry, who reigned Thirty-eight Years.—Died 1547, and was buried at Windsor.

Principal Events.

Rise and fall of Wolsey. Cruelties of the King, particularly to his Wives. The authority of the Pope renounced. The King beheads Thomas Cromwell, a faithful minister; the Earl of Surrey, the most accomplished Nobleman of his Court; and Sir Thomas More, the most virtuous of his subjects. Splendid meeting with Francis I. of France. Monasteries suppressed. The Bible first translated into English, and placed in Churches. Cannon first cast in England; and the first Hops imported.

Eminent Persons.

Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury; Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellors; Thomas

Lord

Lord Cromwell; Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey; Nicholas Lord Vaux; John Bourchier, Lord Berners; George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford; John Lord Lumley; Edward Lord Sheffield: the last six are in the Catalogue of Noble Authors.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Popes.

Julius II. 1503. Leo X. 1513. Adrian VI. 1522. Clement VII. 1523. Paul III. 1534.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Maximilian I. 1493. Charles V. 1519.
Of the Turks.—Bajazet II. 1481. Selim I. 1512. Solomon II. 1520.

Kings and Queens.

Of France.—Louis XII. 1498. Francis I. 1515.
Of Spain.—Philip I. 1504. Joan, 1506. Charles I. 1516.
Of Portugal.—Emanuel, 1495. John III. 1512.
Of Denmark and Sweden. } John, 1481. Christian II. 1513.
Denmark alone.—Frederic I. 1524. Christian III. 1533.
Sweden alone.—Gustavus Vasa,* 1522.
Of Scotland.—James IV. 1498. James V. 1514. May, 1542.

* Gustavus Vasa delivered Sweden from the Danish yoke; and, in recompence, was elected its independent Sovereign.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

" Was as fat as a Pig."
COLLINS'S CHAPTER OF KINGS.

" This man, Sir, was a scoundrel."
DR. JOHNSON.

" I would not have such a heart in my bosom,
" For the dignity of the whole body."
SHAKESPEARE.

" The moral of this tale shews plainly,
" That carnal minds strive but vainly
" Aboon this lower world to mount,
" While slaves to Satan."
ALLAN RAMSAY.

" When, thunderstruck, that eagle Wolsey fell;
" When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
" Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
" His gasping grandeur—naked on the sand!"
YOUNG.

TYRANNIC cruelty, voluptuous pride,
Insatiable licentiousness and guilt,
So share this monarch, we can ne'er decide
On what one vice his ruling wish was built.

The

The rich Exchequer of his niggard sire,
The treasure of those minions doomed to die,*
Who found, as sings the bard we most admire,
"It is but squeezing sponges and they dry"

All prov'd but insufficient, for, behold!
At GUISNES,† where France and England met
In dazzling panoply of gold,
Three days of pleasure cost whole years of debt.

Two Queens divorced, of six the tyrant wed,
Two made good women, losing each a head;
One happier, tho' unhappy wife,
Died, giving our sixth EDWARD life.
And HARRY meant, no doubt, his last
Should share the fate of consorts past;
But that the arrogantly cruel elf,
Met with a little accident between
His plan and execution,—for I ween—
He died himself.

* Empson and Dudley.

† The place where Henry, and Francis I. of France met, was, from the unexampled and prodigal splendor of the two Courts, called "The Field of Cloth of Gold."

His vanity we must not overlook,
Fool, like myself, his highness wrote a book ;
And when POPE LEO read it, no one knew
Which most was to be pitied of the two.
LEO, who for a critic, was quite tender,
Dubb'd HENRY, for his work, the "faith's defender ;"
HAL in return, which was not quite so civil,
Defied alike the Popedom and the Devil.*

Know ye that magic minstrel WALTER SCOTT ?
(Who, that knows aught of genius, knows him not?)
Feel ye not yet the exquisite delight,
With which ye read his tale of Flodden fight?
Where SURREY triumph'd in bluff HARRY'S reign,†
Then who shall dare attempt the theme again?
Not

* The Reformation was said to be owing to a jest made by Sir Thomas Wyatt, who, when Henry was waiting for the Pope's assent to his divorce, said "Lord ! that a man cannot repent him of his sins without leave from the Pope." Thus Wyatt hinted, Cranmer opened, and the Universities made, the way to the Reformation.

Vide "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

† At this period an account was kept of the diabolical mischiefs perpetrated by the armies invading Scotland, with all the regularity of a tradesman's ledger. The following was the sum total

Not I, " by my laurels," my verse near his lay,
" Like the flowers of the forest wou'd wither away."
What sounds of merriment assail the ear ?
What glitt'ring mass of mingled church and state ?
And see, the master of the feast appear,—
'Tis WOLSEY, thoughtless of his future fate !
Like a red meteor we behold him soar,
Extinguish'd now he falls to rise no more.
Of DUNSTAN, BECKET, WOLSEY, having read,
I think it may with safety thus be said :—

Three prelates, by three different Sovereigns bred,
Their masters and the people have misled ;
The first in monkish cruelty surpast,
The next in arrogance, in both the last ;

total of the ravages from July to November, in 1544, as delivered in by the warden of the marches :—

Towns, towers, steeds, barnekyns, parish churches, bastel houses, cast down or burnt	192
Scots slain, ...	403
Prisoners taken, ...	816
Nolt (horned cattle) taken,	10,389
Sheep, ...	12,492
Nags and geldings, ...	1,296
Goats, ...	200
Bolls of corn, ...	850

By Lord Hertford's invasion into the counties of Berwick and Roxburgh only, and between the 8th and 23d of September, 1545, there were destroyed,—

Monasteries and friar-houses,	7
Castles, towers, and piles, ...	16
Market towns, ...	5
Villages, ...	243
Milnes, ...	13
Hospitals, ...	3

HAYNES'S STATE PAPERS APUD ROBERTSON.

The pride of priestcraft cou'd no farther go,
To make a third she joined the other two.*

Next CROMWELL, worthy of a better end,
Foe to idolatry, religion's friend;

* JOHN SKELTON, Poet Laureat to King Henry VIII. attacked Cardinal Wolsey without mercy, for his upstart insolence, and in his uncouth, but nervous doggrel, did his utmost to render him ridiculous, thus—

No man dare come to th' speche,
Of this gentile Jacke-breche;
Of what estate he be,
Of sp'ritual dignitie—
Nor duke of hye degree.
Nor marquis, earle, or lorde,
Which shrewdly doth accord:
That he, borne so base—
All nobles should outface;
His count'nance like a cayser,
My lord is not at layser.
Sir, ye must tarry astounde,
'Till better layser be founde;
Sir, ye must dance attendaunce,
And take pacient sufferaunce;
For my lorde's grace,
Has now, nor time, nor place,
To speak with you as yet.
And so they may sit, or flit,
Sit, or walk, or ride,
And his layser abide;
Perchance, half-a-yere,—
And yet be never the nere, &c.

Vide J. P. ANDREW.

Capricious

Capricious HENRY! all your wish obtain'd,
By your command the cloister'd coffers drain'd;*
With ingrate bitterness you turn your back,
And leave poor CROMWELL to his foes attack.

How fleeting are the hours of wealth and fame,
How more than fleeting, popular acclaim;
The nation's idol and the King's delight,
A felon's death resigns to endless night.

Superior CRANMER in a crowd alone,
Dares friendship with the virtuous fall'n own
CROMWELL had clung to WOLSEY 'till his end,
And Heaven repays him with as fast a friend.

* 164 suppress'd monasteries, 90 colleges, 2374 chauntrys and chapels, and 110 hospitals produced a revenue of £161,100 to the crown: from which fund some additional colleges and professorships were given to the universities, and 6 new bishopricks were erected. The common people were much displeased with the stoppage of that hospitality the monks were used to exercise: there is an old ballad called "Truth and Ignorance," the latter, who is represented as a rustic, says—

"Ch'll tell the what, good fellowe,
"Before the vriars went hence,
"A bushel of the best wheate,
"Was zold for vourteen-pence.
"And vorty egges a penny.
"That were both good and newe;
"And this, che say, myselfe have seene,
"And yet I am no Jewe."

Take

Take a true sample, how the man who late
Fed twice each day two hundred at his gate,
Was branded with imaginary crimes;
And learn, ye too secure, from genuine rhymes,
That fickle minds will change as change the times.

A newe Balade *made of* THOMAS CRUMWEL, *called*, Trolle on Away; *from an original Copy, printed at* London, 1540, *without varying the expression or spelling.*

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye
Syng heaue and howe rombelowe trolle on awaye.

BOthe man and chylde is glad to here tell
Of that false traytoure *Thomas Crumwel*
Nowe that he is set to spell
Synge trolle on awaye.

When fortune loky'd the in thy face
Thou haddyst fayre tyme but thou lackydyst grace
Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a pace,
Synge trolle on awaye.

Both

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst
Thou lockyst them vp where no man wyst
Tyll in the Kynges treasoure suche thinges were myst
Synge trolle on awaye.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy hands
Thy marchaundyse sayled ouer the sands
Therefore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes
Synge trolle on awaye.

Fyrst when Kynge *Henry* God saue his Grace
Perceyued myschefe kyndle in thy face
Then it was tyme to purchase the a place.
Synge trolle on awaye.

Hys Grace was euer of gentyll nature
Mouyd with petye and made the hys seruyture
But thou as a wretche suche things dyd procure.
Synge trolle on awaye.

Thou dyd not remembre false heretyke
One God, one fayth, and one Kynge catholyke
For thou hast bene so longe a scysmatyke
Syng trolle on awaye.

Thou

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre.
But euer was full of iniquite
Wherefore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the
Synge trolle on awaye.

All they that were of the newe trycke
Agaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke
Wherfore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.
Synge trolle on awaye.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
Thou woldest not suffre within thy walles
Nor let vs praye for chrysten soules.
Synge trolle on awaye.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell
Whyther of *Chayme* or *Syschemell*
Or else sente vs from the deuyll of hell
Synge trolle on awaye.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye
And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye
Synge trolle on awaye.

Who

Who so euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose
Wherfore al *Englande* doth hate the as I suppose
Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose
Synge trolle on awaye.

Thou myghtest haue learned thy cloth to flocke
Upon thy gresy fullers stocke
Wherefore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke
Synge trolle on awaye.

Yet saue that soule that God hath bought
And for thy carcas care thou nought.
Let it suffre payne as hit hath wrought.
Synge trolle on awaye.

God saue Kyng *Henry* with all his power
And Prynce *Edwarde* that goodly flowre.
With all hys Lordes of great honoure.
Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on awaye.
Heyne and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

" Blow

" Blow, blow thou winter's wind,
" Thou art not so unkind
" As man's ingratitude."

These lines my reader may have met before,
But they do honor to Sir Thomas More :

" When More some years had Chanc'lor been,
" No more suits did remain;
" The same shall never there be seen,
" 'Till More be there again.

Poetry of the Times.

Old probity, I mean Sir Thomas More,
Of manners artless, simple, yet not rude,
With Fisher, adds to victims named before.
Sir Thomas at the block with firmness spoke,
And dying virtue shrunk not from a joke.*

France and the Pope in due respect were kept.
For Henry's military power ne'er slept;

* He desired the Lieutenant of the Tower to see him safe up to the scaffold, and leave him, at coming down, to shif for himself.

The

The famed six articles proposed a creed,
For which both Protestants and Romans bleed.
Barton, the visionary maid of Kent,
With many followers to the scaffold went.*

With all his faults, the King promoted knowledge,
At Cambridge, Trinity the monarch founded;
Wolsey gave Oxford Christchurch College,
And England's Court by learning was surrounded.

Talking of learning, let's have *piu poco;*
Well, *dulce est desipere in loco.*
And if you'll but allow *nunc est ridendum,*
I'll take my graver muscles and unbend 'em.

In quitting Hal, forgive me if I dare
Suppose the fubsy monarch in his chair,
On former wives and sweethearts much intent,
On future wives and sweethearts sadly bent;

* "The King's persecution of the Lutherans was savage and inexorable:—at Coventry, six men and a woman were burnt for teaching their children the Lord's Prayer, Commandments, &c. in the vulgar tongue."

J. P. Andrews.

Humming

Humming, scarce consciously, in accent pretty,
A retrospective amatory ditty ;
Anachronasm marks the tune, 'tis true,
But if I find no fault, pray why should you ?

Chansonette de la Cour de Henri VIIIme.

REX CANIT.

O dear what will become of me ?
O dear what shall I do ?
There's nobody coming to marry me,
There's nobody coming to woo.

To KATHERINE of ARRAGON married,
I would'nt have minded a pin,
In wedlock with her to have tarried,
But she was too nearly a kin.
O dear what will become of me ? &c.

Sweet BOLEYNE enamoured my fancy,
She fixed it one night at a ball,
If you ask why I kill'd my poor NANCY,
'Twas because she was no kin at all.
O dear what will become of me ? &c.

ANNE

ANNE of CLEVES from her brother next came,
But a moment we scarcely were wed;
When KATE HOWARD another new flame,
By winning my heart lost her head.
O dear what will become of me? &c.

Widow PARR,* tho' not one of the worst,
Is so very discreet yet so free;
That unless I can bury her first,
I'm afraid she'll live longer than me.

Then O dear! what will become of me?
O dear what shall I do?
There's nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo.

* This Lady, whose "beauty raised her to a throne, and whose merit deserved two better husbands," wrote and published many Psalms, Prayers, Pious Discourses, &c. "wherein," says the Title page, "the mynde is stirred patiently to suffer all afflictions here, to set at nought the vaine prosperitee of this worlde, and always to long for the everlastynge felicitee."—She also published several Letters; was not only learned, but a patroness of learning—interceding for, and saving, the University of Cambridge, when an Act passed to throw all Colleges into the King's disposal. Nicholas Udal, Master of Eton, in his time says "it was then a common thyng to see young virgins so *nouzled* and trained in the studie of letters, that they willingly set all other pastymes at nought for learning's sake."

Vide CATALOGUE OF ROYAL AUTHORS.

We

We do not imagine the following description could apply to any of the Wives of Henry: but it is given by Andrews as "an Example of the Quaint turn of the Times," with respect to the Poetry of this Reign,

The ATTENTIVE SPOUSE.

TWELVE sortes of mete my wife provides,
And bates me not a dyshe;
Foure are of flesh, of fruite are foure,
The other foure of fyshe.

In the first corse she stores my borde,
Wythe birds that daynties are,
And fyrst a quail,* and next a rayle,†
A bytterne,‡ and a jarre.§

Myne appetyte when cloyde with these,
With fyshe she makes it sharpe;
And brings me next a lampe, a poute,‖
A gugeon and a carpe.

* *Quail,* for Quarrel or Quell. † A Bitterne.
‡ A *Jarre,* synonimous with Buff and Ale.
§ *Rayle,* a Rail. ‖ A Whiting Pout.

The

The second corse of frute well served,
Fyttinge well the seson;
A medlar and a hartichoke,
A crab and a smale reson.

What's hee that having such a wyfe,
Upon hir sholde not dote;
Who every day provides him fare,
That costes hym never a grote.

The following SONNET and ODE are by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey an "Almost Classic Author," celebrated by Drayton, Dryden, Fenton, and Pope, illustrated by his own muse, and lamented for his unhappy and unmerited death.*

CATALOGUE OF NOBLE AUTHORS.

"From Tuscane came my ladie's worthy race,
"Fair Florence was sometyme her† auncient state;
"The western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face
"Wild Camber's cliffs, did geve her lively heate;

* He was brought to the block in 1547, on pretence of using the Royal Arms, and proposing to marry the Lady Mary, Daughter of the King.

† I would read *their*.—HORACE WALPOLE.

"Foster'd

" Foster'd she was with milke of Irishe brest,
" Her sire an Earl; the dame of Prince's blood.
" From tender yeres in Britaine she doth rest,
" With Kinges childe, where she tasteth costly
foode,
" Honsdon did first present her to mine yien,
" Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine* she hight;
" Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine,
" And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her
sight;
" Her beauty of kinde, her virtue from above,
" Happy is he that can obtain her love.†

Warton calls this little Ode of Lord Surry's, exquisite.

" The soote‡ seasoun that bud and bloom forth
brings,
" With grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
" The nightingale, with feathers new she sings,
" The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.

* She was Daughter of Lord Kildare.
† He never gained her, she married the Earl of Lincoln.
‡ Sweet.

" Somer

" Somer is come, for every spray now springs;
" The hart has hung his old hed on the pale;
" The buck, in brake, his winter coate he flings;
" The fishes flete with new repayred scale.

" The adder all her slough away she flings,
" The swallow swift pursueth the flies smale;
" The busy bee, her honey now she mings,*
" Winter is worne,† that was the flower's bale.‡

* Mingles. † Past. ‡ Bane.

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

Born, A. D. 1536. Proclaimed, January 31st, 1547. Crowned at Westminster, February 20th, 1548. Reigned Six Years. Died, unmarried, July 6th, 1553. Buried at Westminster.

Principal Events.

The Reformed Religion encouraged. Kets' Rebellion suppressed by Warwick. The Scotch defeated at Musselborough, Lord Seymour, and the Protector Somerset, beheaded. Christ's Hospital, St. Thomas's, and Bridewell, founded. A President and Council appointed for the government of Wales The Sweating Sickness began at Shrewsbury, and was very fatal throughout England. The Woollen Trade taken from the monopoly of a Company of German Merchants, and made general. The Bishopric of Westminster suppressed. The Psalms versified by Sternhold and Hopkins. Two Witnesses made necessary to the attainder or condemnation of persons accused of Treason.

Eminent Persons.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. Heath and Day, Bishops of Worcester and Chichester. Lord Seymour. Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland. Guildford, Lord Dudley. Lady Jane Grey.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Pope.

Paul III. 1534 Julius III. 1550

Emperors.

Emperors.

Of Germany (and King of Spain).—Charles V. 1547.
Of the Turks.—Soliman II. 1520.

Kings and Queen.

Of France.—Henry II. 1547.
Of Portugal.—John III. 1521.
Of Denmark.—Christian III. 1534.
Of Sweden.—Gustavus Vasa, 1522.
Of Scotland.—Mary, 1542.

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

"Men perish in advance, as if the sun
"Should set 'ere noon!
"To man, why, Stepdame Nature, so severe,
"Why thrown aside thy master-piece half wrought?"
YOUNG.

"The King discovered great towardness and all honest qualities; he should be taken as a singular gift of God; he read Cato, Vives and Æsop, and conned very pleasantly."
DOCTOR COX, (Tutor to Edward VI.)

"Senex, juvenis convictu, factus sum melior; ac, sobrietatem, temperantiam, verecundiam, linguæ moderationem, modestiam, pudicitiam, integritatem, quam, juvenis a sene discere debuerat, a juvene Senex didici."
ERASMUS.

PROTECTOR SOMERSET the power maintained
Of Sov'reign, when at first young EDWARD reigned;
The Scots, defeated on their native plains,*
Of Pinkey House in sweetly plaintive strains,
Still sing and celebrate with patriot pride,
Their valiant chiefs who fought, and, fighting, died.

* The war with the Scotch was intended to enforce a match between Edward and the young Queen Mary. On this occasion the Earl of Huntley said to Somerset, that "he disliked not the match, but hated the manner of wooing."
WARWICK'S

WARWICK's black envy SOMERSET enthrals,
And, mourned by many, the Protector falls;
Now, with Northumbria's coronet elate,
WARWICK, unconscious of approaching fate,
Rules the young monarch.—EDWARD's early doom,
Changes his crown already for a tomb.
Christchurch, Bartholomew, and Bridewell bear
A liberal witness of his fostering care;*
Religion too began to own reform,
When the bright prospect, black'ning to a storm,
With EDWARD vanish'd quite;†—and MARY came,
MARY, a blemish to the regal name,
Heir to her father's vice, without one jot
Of good, she came to cast a dark red blot
On British story ne'er to be forgot.

* The King compleated the endowments of these Hospitals a few days before his death, with £600 per Annum from the Savoy. HOLINGSHED.

† Edward was an Author; Holingshed says he wrote a most elegant Comedy, called the Whore of Babylon; of which, as of several other of his productions, Horace Walpole avers, "All the subjects were religious, all the conduct farcical." CATALOGUE OF ROYAL AUTHORS.

The cost of his Household was, the first year, £49,187; the second, £16,902; the third, £46,100; the fourth, £109,573; the fifth, £62,863; the sixth, £65,923. STRYPE.

SUMMARY

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

MARY THE FIRST.

Born, A. D. 1515. Accession, 1553. Married Philip II. of Spain, at Winchester, 1554 Reigned Five Years, Four Months, and Eleven Days. Died November 17th, 1558. Buried at Westminster.

Principal Events.

Marriage of the Queen with Philip of Spain, who drew his sword on landing; which arrogant action was variously interpreted. Suppression of the reformed religion, and a persecution of its professors, unexampled since that of the Christians in the reign of Dioclesian, the Roman Emperor: in addition to many executions and oppressions on the score of opinions in this reign, there were burnt alive—one Archbishop; five Bishops; twenty-one Clergymen; eight Gentlemen; eighty-four Artificers; one hundred Husbandmen, Servants, and Labourers; twenty-six Wives; twenty Widows; nine Maidens; two Boys; and two Infants; besides many who perished by imprisonment. Rebellion and execution of Thomas Wyatt. Executions of Lord Guildford Dudley, Lady Jane Grey, the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk. The Great Harry, a ship of a thousand tons, burnt at Woolwich by the negligence of the mariners. Several dearths, and one succeeded by such a year of plenty, that Wheat fell from £2...13s...4d. per quarter, to 5s. Calais taken from the English, who have never since had possessions in France.

Eminent Persons.

Archbishop Cranmer; Bishops Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, Ferrer, Rogers, and Saunders, Taylor, and many others of the Clergy

Clergy who suffered for their religion. Cardinal Pole, Bishops Gardiner, Bonner, Thirlby, &c. who were fiery supporters of the Papal power. Lord Stafford.

COTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

Popes.

Julius III. 1550. Marcellus II. 1555. Paul IV. 1555.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Charles V. 1519.
Of the Turks.—Soliman II. 1520.

Kings and Queen.

Of France.—Henry II. 1547.
Of Spain.—Philip II. 1555.
Of Portugal.—John III. 1521.
Of Denmark.—Frederic II. 1559.
Of Sweden.—Gustavus Vasa, 1522,
Of Scotland.—Mary, 1542.

MARY THE FIRST.

" But she, I ween, was not that virgin mild
" The Poet wooes along sequestered grove."

LEIGH HUNT.

" For, tho' sometimes each dreary pause between,
" Dejected pity by her side,
" Her soul-subduing voice applied,
" Yet still she kept her wild unaltered mien."

COLLINS.

" Sum Marie, male grata patri, male grata marito,
" Cælo invisa, meæ pestis atrox patriæ;
" Nulla aberat labes, nisi quod fuit addita custos
" Fida pudicitiæ, forma maligna meæ."

BUCHANAN.

As the Mimosa from ungentle hand,
Recoiling, closes quick its trembling leaves:
So shrinks the muse to sing her native land
Sway'd by remorseless bigotry.—It grieves
My inmost heart to read a mind so fell,
Found room in any British form to dwell;
And more it irks me still to think,
A sex which forms the intermediate link
'Twixt men and angels, e'er shou'd own
The blood-stain'd animal, whose throne,
For six disgraceful and polluted years,
Saw Superstition's fires, unquench'd by Virtue's tears.

Black

Black shades of BONNER, GARDINER, arise!
Lo! where above your narrow, murd'rous pride,
Spirits ætherial soar, whose worth you dared despise;
See white-rob'd LATIMER, by CRANMER's side,
HOOPER and RIDLEY, leading martyrs blest,
Who feel, (could angels ever feel distrest,)
Sorrow that this our much-lov'd parent earth,
To souls so very mean as your's gave birth.

How sensitive are we of latter times!
How senseless *they* in such an age of crimes?
We start to tumult at a patriot word,
And draw, and dare, for liberty, the sword.
They, for their God, saw dearest friends expire,
And trembling crouch'd around the impious fire;
Had modern souls illum'd their coward clay,
And turn'd their firelight into reason's day,
Goodness the flame of guilt had never fed,
But injured innocence, by justice led,
Had hurl'd each brand on the oppressor's head.
The wolf, sheep clad, by vengeance brought to quake,
Had found a gibbet where he placed a stake.

Reader

Reader, mistake not what my warmth express'd,
Tumult I hate, licentiousness detest;
Yet sure that nation which so much delights
In Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights;
Who taught by sad experience CHARLES and JAMES,
That Law and Freedom are no empty names;
Ought to have risen with the purest zeal,
And made unfeeling Superstition feel;
Driven Bigotry to native holes and caves,
Prevented Martyrs from untimely graves;
And thundered in the crosier'd butcher's ear,
That MARY and her PHILIP both might hear,
BRITONS ARE FREE, AND NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!

When EDWARD'S death left MARY England's Queen,
JANE GREY, unfortunate, (and less to blame
Than they who, tempted by Ambition's shene,
O'erruled her to assume the regal name);
For their default who taught her to aspire,
Fell victim with her husband* and his sire.†

Spanish

* The Lord Guildford Dudley.

† The Duke of Northumberland was beheaded on Tower-hill, with Palmer and Gates, his associates. "The executioner," writes a French

Spanish Prince PHILIP wrote our Queen a letter,
Saying he wish'd for such a wife,
Swearing he lov'd her more than life:
Not mentioning he loved—the English crown much better.
When landed on our coast, we're told,
He drew his sword with action bold;
Nor sheath'd it, even when Southampton's Mayor
At meeting knelt, and made an humble prayer,
That PHILIP wou'd assume the township's keys,
Who, without speaking, stood at ease;
Like a tired soldier after a review,
As if our condescension was his *due*.
Ah! little did the great ELIZA think,
(Who then was peeping thro' some cloister'd chink),
How, at a future time, she'd give a banging
To that same PHILIP, who so proud,
Stood sword in hand among the crowd,
And heard with nonchalance the Mayor's haranging.

a French Priest, "wore a white apron, and little children gathered up the blood which fell through the slits of the scaffold."

VOYAGES DE PERLIN.—*Vide* ANDREWS.

Ah!

Ah! little thought IBERIA's nation,
How Britain's wou'd, in days now come,
Oppose of Spain's worst foe the usurpation,
And list their patriots with an English drum.

What British feelings were at PHILIP's coming,
By way of respite from my own humdrumming,
I'll give in couplets written at the time;
By which you'll know,
That years ago,
Politic reasons were express'd in rhyme.

SAMPLES OF CLERICAL POETRY IN QUEEN MARY's REIGN.

*Verses on the Marriage of PHILIP and MARY.**

BY WHITE, BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

THE devil, that old enemy to mankind,
Strives to prevent, tho' to it God's inclined,
That MARY, England's Queen, should join her hands,
To Spanish PHILIP, in hymeneal bands.
Against the match, with the dark prince of night,
The helpless Scots and timrous French unite,

* *Vide* Fox's Book of Martyrs.

With

With these hell's prelates join Caiaphas' race;
Eight *married* fathers, void of heavenly grace,
John Dudley, Wyatt, and rebellious Kent,
With Gray conspired the marriage to prevent.
But that the nuptials should performed be,
Cæsar and Flanders vow'd, and Italy,
Catholic bishops, and with these comply
Five holy fathers, for their sanctity
In fetters bound ; the senate of the nation,
And all true Catholics in ev'ry station ;
Lords, Commons, learned, ignorant, and we,
'Cause God himself doth thereunto agree.
When Philip and Queen Mary shall be joined,
Their blood its wonted course shall run refined.

PARODY ON THE ABOVE,

BY WAY OF ANSWER.

BY THE BISHOP OF NORWICH.

That Mary should to Spanish Philip wed,
And England's glory be extirpated ;
The devil wills, jointly with him agree
All Flanders, Italy, and Germany.

Caiaphas'

Caiaphas' race, the mitred company
Of popish bishops,—five for impiety
In prison cast.—But God's extended arm
Kindly supports us, and averts the harm,
He nills the match, gives England liberty.
With him the warlike Scots and French agree,
Eight married in the Lord; and Dudley, you
Foreboding dismal things, the marriage view,
The sanate nills.—Brave Wyatt doth espoue,
With pious zeal, his country's injured cause;
With him Grey and the Kentish folks comply,
Either to gain their liberty or die!
Then say, what profits will the Spanish King,
Having wedded Mary, to the English bring?

Altho' I am not tired of my task,
Yet you may be of reading, then take breath:
And suffer me with due respect to ask,
Wou'd'nt you rather quit this reign,
Of credit lost and tyrant gain,
To read the golden days of great Elizabeth.

It may be first as well to say,
That Mary chanced to die one day;*

* Mary wrote and published several devout Pieces and Letters.
Catalogue of Royal Authors.

If

If any grieved, it was an undertaker,
Who at her funeral did sigh and sob,
Not for the Queen whose breath did then forsake her,
But, for a brother tradesman got the job.

Sweet SHAKESPEARE tells us that a rose
"By any other name" would charm the nose:
But BONNER's memory, I fear,
By no means e'er will charm the ear;
His name avails not tho' he turn it
To more appropriate Bishop Burnet;
Or should the badness of the pun amaze,
To make it worse let's call him Bishop Blaze.

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

ELIZABETH.

Born, A. D. 1533. Crowned, 1588. Died, unmarried, March 24th, 1603. Buried at Westminster.

Principal Events.

The Protestant Religion established, and the Queen declared head of the Church. The Spanish Armada destroyed. Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded. The first East-India Company established, by a grant to the Earl of Cumberland and 215 Knights, Aldermen, and Merchants. The first Treaty of Commerce with Russia; and the Turkey Company established, The Earl of Essex executed. St. Paul's Cathedral much injured by fire. A Plague in London, of which 10,675 persons died, Virginia discovered.

Eminent Persons.

Shakespeare. Sir Philip Sidney. Sir Walter Raleigh Sir Francis Drake. Lord Howard, of Effingham. Cecil, Lord Burleigh. Robert Devreaux, Earl of Essex. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Sir Martin Frobisher. Sir John Hawkins, &c. &c. &c.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Popes.

Paul IV. 1555. Pius IV. 1559. Pius V. 1565. Gregory XIII. 1572. Sextus V. 1585. Urban VII. 1590. Gregory XIV. 1590. Innocent IX. 1591. Clement VIII. 1592.

Emperors.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Ferdinand I. 1558. Maximilian II. 1564. Rodolphus II. 1576.

Of the Turks.—Solimon II. 1520. Selim II. 1566. Amurath III. 1574. Mahomet III. 1595.

Kings.

Of France.—Henry II. 1547. Francis II. 1559. Charles IX. 1560. Henry III. 1574. Henry IV. 1589.

Of Spain.—Philip II. 1555.

Of Portugal.—Sebastian, 1557. Henry, 1578.

Union of Spain & Portugal.—Philip II. 1580. Philip III. 1597.

Of Denmark.—Frederic II. 1559. Christian IV. 1588.

Of Sweden.—Eric X. 1556. John III. 1569. Sigismund, 1592

Sovereigns of Scotland.—Mary, 1542. James VI. 1567.

ELIZABETH.

" A virgin Queen the regal sceptre swayed,
" And fate itself her sov'reign pow'r obeyed,
" The wise Eliza, whose directing hand
" Had the great scale of Europe at command;
" And ruled a people that alike disdain,
" Or freedom's ease, or slav'ry's iron chain."

SMOLLET'S VOLTAIRE.

" O the golden days of good Queen Bess."

COLLINS'S EVENING BRUSH.

" Cantate Domino, Canticum novum."

Chaunted by mitred Sycophants of the former Reign four times in fourteen years.

SIR J. HARINGTON.

" Juno potens sceptris et mentis acumine Pallas,
" Et roseo Veneris fulget in ore decor;
" Adfuit ELIZABETH—Juno perculsa refugit,
" Obstupuit Pallas, erubuitque Venus.

POETRY OF THE TIMES.

Imitated. Vide J. P. ANDREWS:

" Tho' Juno boast her power, tho' Pallas shine
" In wit; tho' Venus vaunt her charms divine;—
" Behold ELIZA comes—shamed Juno fled,
" For envy Venus blush'd, and Pallas hung her head."

" The Spanish Armada
" Set out to invade a,
" Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
" They cou'd'nt do less
" Than hang up Queen Bess,
" And take their full swing in the Island."

" These

" These proud puff'd up cakes
" Thought to make ducks and drakes
" Of our wealth, but they scarcely cou'd spy land
" Ere our DRAKE had the luck
" To make their pride duck,
" And stoop to the lads of the Island."

T. DIBDIN'S SONGS.

WHO made the land with joy abound,
And bade the merry bells ring round,
While thousands shout to see her crowned?

ELIZA.

WHO liv'd the heroine of her time,
And gain'd a name, with which to chime,
Perhaps you'll find a better rhyme

Than I, sir?

WHO lov'd Lord ESSEX 'bove his Peers,
And cut his head off, (tho' with tears),
Of which, alive, she box'd the ears,

O fie, sir.*

* When her Majesty was moved, she swore heartily, and was by no means sparing of her blows;—the history of the chastisements bestowed by her hand, from the first recorded when entering the Tower to certain death as she thought, she dashed her conductor's offered cloak from her; to the last bitter shake she bestowed on the malicious Nottingham, including her menacing Sir

Who might with mighty King's have married,
Whose suits, however back'd, miscarried;
And yet who doubts a maid she tarried?
Not I, sir.

Whose merry maidens fared, with glee,
On beef and beer, not toast and tea,
Whenever hungry they might be,
Or dry, sir!

Who, when the puff'd up priest of Rome
Said Spain should seal cursed England's doom,
Cried, bless you, let their donships come
And try, sir?

Who rode on horseback to the coast,
Infusing valour in that host,
Which gave the proud Armada's boast
The lie, sir.

ir James Nevil with her fist, when he surprised her playing on the virginals; the blows lavished on her maids of honour, and the box on the ear received by Essex, might afford amusement.—Mary Queen of Scots also accuses her of having beaten a Lady named Scudamore, so violently as to break her finger; and cutting another across the hand with a knife.

Civil and Military History of England.

Who

Who, not your decent ears to shock,
Swore that by G— she wou'd unfrock
A bishop,—and then give his flock
A wiser.*

Who can find language to excuse,
Or any terms too harsh to use,
(And here it costs my flippant muse
A sigh, sir).

While we record her envy mean,
Whose malice, cruelty, and spleen,
Doom'd Scotia's dear devoted Queen
To die, sir?

Who, in the robes of office clad,
None but most able servants had,
For twice she'd never trust a bad
Adviser!

* There is a curious letter of the Queen's written to a Bishop of Ely, and preserved in the register of that See; it is in these words:—"Proud Prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement: but I would have you know, that I who made you what you are can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagements, by God I will unfrock you. Your, as you demean yourself, Elizabeth."—The Bishop did promise to exchange some part of the land belonging to the see, for a pretended equivalent, and did so, but it was in consequence of the above letter.

Annual Register, 1761.

Who

Who, tho' a maid, twixt me and you,
Could speak in Greek and Latin too,
More than at college ever knew
A sizer?

Who more than she at foes might laugh,
Who gave to merit power's staff?
(And merit she could see with half
An eye, sir.)

What court with her's which could reflect,
That blaze of art (which arms protect),
By Sidney, Raleigh, Cecil, deck't,
Might vie, sir?

And, climax of a wond'rous age!
Who first saw Shakespeare's genuine page,
Give truth and nature to the stage?
Eliza.

Who first Columbia's climes,—but stop,
This mode of question here I drop;
And some of what my muse wou'd sing,
Shall be supplied by Dr. King,
Who

Who thus expresses what the nation
Achieved, this reign, by navigation:—
" ELIZA first the sable scene withdrew,
" And to the antient world displayed the new;
" When BURLEIGH at the helm of state was seen,
" The truest subject to the greatest Queen.
" The Indians, from the Spanish yoke made free,
" Blest the effects of English liberty;
" DRAKE round the world his sov'reign's honor spread,
" Thro' straits and gulphs immense her fame conveyed.
" RALEIGH, with hopes of new discov'ries fir'd,
" And all the depths of human wit inspir'd,
" Mov'd o'er the western world in search of fame,
" Adding fresh glory to ELIZA's name;
" Subdu'd new empires, that will records be,
" Immortal, of a Queen's Virginity."*

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM.

* Alluding to the first settlement of Virginia.

SPECIMENS OF POETRY,

WRITTEN BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

FROM THE CATALOGUE OF ROYAL AUTHORS, &c. &c.

REBUS on Mr. NOEL.

The word of denial, and the letter of fifty,
Is that gentleman's name that will never be thrifty.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH having written in a window, in sight of the Queen,—

"Fain would I climb, yet fear to fall."

Her Majesty subjoined,—

"If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all."

Being urged to explain her sentiments of the real presence, she answered *extempore*,—

CHRIST was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it.

The

The following lines she wrote with charcoal on a window-shutter, while under severe restraint at Woodstock :—

Oh Fortune! how thy restless wavering state
Has fraught with cares my troubled wit;
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Has borne me, and the joys I quit.

Thou causedst the guilty to be loosed
From bonds, wherein are innocent's inclosed;
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well-deserved;
But by her envy nothing can be wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have thought.

ELIZABETH, Prisoner.

A.D. MDCL.

The succeeding Stanzas, from the Ashmolean Museum, signed "ELIZA REGINA, upon Mount Zeurs departure," may serve to show the state of Elizabeth's heart, and the strength of her passions at fifty-two, when, it is supposed, she entertained "an uncontrolable passion, which carried her very absurd lengths," for the Duke of Anjou, between whom and herself a treaty of marriage had been nearly concluded.

CIVIL AND MILITARY HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

I grieve, yet dare not show my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I dote.

I dote, but dare not say I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate.
I am, and not,—I freeze, and am yet burned;
Since from myself my otherself I turned.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
Follows me flying; flies when I pursue it;
Stands, and lies by me; does what I have done;
This too familiar care doth make me rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

Some gentler passion steals into my mind,
(For I am soft and made of melting snow);
Or be more cruel, love, or be more kind;
Let me, or float or sink, be high or low.
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

She published a Comment on Plato: several Translations from Greek to Latin; part of Sallust into English; and many devotional Tracts, Letters, &c.

END OF PART THE EIGHTH.

ENGLAND.

PART THE NINTH.

From the Accession of James I. *to the Restoration.*

CONTENTS.

James I.—*Gunpowder Treason.*—*Charles* I.—*Civil Wars, and Martyrdom of the King.*—*The Commonwealth.*—*Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell.*—*Richard Cromwell.*—*Restoration and Accession of Charles* II.

SUMMARY

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

JAMES THE FIRST.

Born at Ediuburgh Castle, June 19th. Crowned King of Scotland, 1557—of England, July 25th, 1603. Married Ann, Daughter of Frederic II. King of Denmark and Norway, by Sophia of Mecklenburgh; by whom he had issue, Henry, Prince of Wales, a most accomplished Prince, who died, unmarried, Nov. 6th, 1612; Robert, died young; Charles, who succeeded to the crown of Great Britain; Elizabeth, married February 14th, 1613, to Frederick V. Elector Palatine, and afterwards King of Bohemia; from whom are descended the family now on the Throne, their Daughter Sophia having given birth to George I.; Margaret, born in Scotland; and Mary and Sophia, born in England, died infants. James reigned Twenty-two Years. Died of a tertian ague, March 27th, 1625, in the 59th Year of his age, and was buried at Westminster.

Principal Events.

Sir Walter Raleigh's conspiracy, and execution fourteen Years after his sentence; in which interval he had been entrusted with the post of Admiral and General of an expedition. Peace with Spain. Gunpowder Treason—a plot to blow up the King and Parliament with thirty-six barrels of powder. Sir Thomas Overbury poisoned. The great Lord Bacon disgraced for peculation. The House of Commons, on account of the King's partiality to his favorites, Carr and Villiers, endeavour to abridge the Royal Prerogative. The New River, Thames, York Buildings, and Chelsea, Water-Works established.

Eminent Persons.

Henry, Prince of Wales. Carr, Earl of Somerset. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Lord Chancellor Bacon. William Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE. Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Hugh Middleton. Lord Chancellor Maitland. W. A. Earl of Sterling. Sir M. Kerr, Earl of Ancram. J. Hamilton, Earl of Haddington. James, Duke of Hamilton. Henry Carey, Lord Falkland. G. Calvert, Lord Baltimore. Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth. Sir M. Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton. Lord Chancellor Ellesmere. Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. G. Carew, Earl of Totness. W. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Sir Dudley Carleton, Viscount Dorchester. E. Cecil, Viscount Wimbledon, &c. &c

COTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

Popes.

Clement VIII. 1592. Leo XI. 1605. Paul III. 1605. Gregory XV. 1621. Urban VIII. 1623.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Rodolphus II. 1576. Matthias I. 1612. Ferdinand II. 1619.

Of the Turks.—Achmet I. 1603, Mustapha I. 1617. Osman I. 1618. Mustapha I. restored, 1622. Amurath IV. 1623.

Kings.

Of France.—Henry IV. 1589. Louis XIII. 1610.

Of Spain and Portugal.—Philip III. 1597. Philip IV. 1621.

Of Denmark.—Christian IV. 1588.

Of Sweden.—Sigismund, 1592. Charles IX. 1606. Gustavus II. 1611.

HOUSE

HOUSE OF STUART.

THE KINGDOMS OF

ENGLAND and SCOTLAND UNITED,

IN

JAMES,

The First King of Great Britain.

"Peggy noo the King's come."

ALLAN RAMSEY.

"The Prince, who drunk with flatt'ry, dreamt
"His vain pacific counsels ruled the world;
"Tho' scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
"Of fruitless treaties, while at home enslav'd,
"He lost his people's confidence and love."

THOMSON.

"Rex fuit Elizabeth, nunc est Regina Jacobus."

WAGS OF THE DAY.

"Pray remember
"The fifth of November."

SCHOOLBOYS ANNUAL PETITION.

Question. WHO to ELIZABETH succeeded?

Answer. She named the King of Scots, and he did.

Q. Was

Q. Was JAMES most fond of peace or fighting?

A. Peace, study, and polemic writing.*

Set little store by worldly riches,
Believed in sorcery and witches;
Religion in his breast by turns,
Is lukewarm or with ardour burns;
Zealous and cold he scorns the devil,
And cures, or tries to cure, the evil.

Q. Were there no plots against his throne?

A. For ARABELLA STUART one;
For which that jewel of ELIZA's reign,
RALEIGH, incarcerated did remain
Twelve years, then met an unexpected fate.
The jealous† Spaniards wrath, 'tis said, to sate.
Yet RALEIGH left a deathless name,
To learning dear and dear to fame;
For val'rous enterprize his life renowned,
Intrepid in his death that life he crown'd;

* "A Volume of His Works was published, Of Polemic Theology, Demonology, and (by way of contrast) 'A Counterblast to Tobacco;' and many pieces of poetry, Annotations, upon Scripture, with Discourses upon Witches, Vanity, Peregrination, and Pedantry were the ingredients of His sacred Majesty's performances."

CATALOGUE OF ROYAL AUTHORS.

† "Gondomar, ambassador from Spain,—Sir Walter Raleigh's ship in St. Thomas road, &c. [Guiana] provoked Gondomar to make him an offer of [Raleigh's] head."

Nor

Nor will I apprehend rebuke that here,
Penn'd by himself, his dying words appear.—
" Ev'n such is time, which takes in truth,
" Our youth, our joy, and all we have,
" And pays us nought but age and dust,
" When in the dark and silent grave.
" When we have wander'd all our ways,
" Shut up the story of our days;
" And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
" The LORD will raise me up, I trust.

Q. Did ARABELLA fall in JAMES'S power?
A. She did, and died while prisoner in the Tower.
Q. Were other plans against the monarch framed?
A. One, almost too atrocious to be named,
Of most peculiar horror, which, the eye
Of Providence o'erseeing, heaven thought good
It's flame to stifle with the traitor's blood.
Sir Everard DIGBY, CATESBY, and a band
Of matchless villains, murd'rously plann'd
That King, Lords, Commons, at one dreadful blast,
"No reck'ning made" with GOD, should breathe their last.
Q. What saved the nation from so fell a scheme?
A. Omnipotence

A. Omnipotence alone, as it should seem,
Inspired a number of the trait'rous horde,
With caution's pen to warn a loyal Lord ;*
Who, to his country and his sov'reign true,
The scroll exposed, and foil'd the impious crew.
Enquiry soon laid bare the embryo act,
The bigot FAUX†, detected in the act
Of pre-arrangement, mourned his smother'd hope ;
The rest resisting fall, or grace the felon's rope.†

Q. Did JAMES by commerce add to his domain?
A. What great ELIZA had begun, this reign
Improved, and saw our envied colours fly
O'er many a well-established colony ;
While daring Britons fresh adventures seek,
From Thames, translucent, to the Chesapeake.

Q. What favorites of noble note had JAMES?
A. VILLIERS‡ and CAR,‖ unequal to the names
Of VERULAM§ and RALEIGH, "sage grave men"
Whose reputation scorns my feeble pen.

* Lord Mounteagle.

† Faux, Digby, Rookewood, Keys, Grant, Bates, and the two Winters, were hanged; Catesby, Percy, and the two Wrights, were slain in the endeavour to take them.

‡ Duke of Buckingham. ‖ Earl of Somerset.

§ Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and Viscount St. Albans the "Prophet of Arts, which Newton was sent afterwards to reveal."

HORACE WALPOLE.

Q. Had London of improvements any share?

A. A river brought, by MIDDLETON, from Ware;
Each street and house most copiously supplied,
And gave the hint to other plans since tried.

Q. What else of moment does to JAMES relate?

A. No more than that he met our common fate;
At Theobald's——Serene his British reign,
Who liv'd sans effort, and who died sans pain.*

* It is said, however, by Andrews, that he died not without suspicion of being poisoned by Lord Buckingham; the same author, observing on the Royal Line of Stuart, calls them a race as steadily unfortunate as ever were recorded in History; their misfortunes having continued, with unabated succession, during 390 years—of which he adduces the following melancholy proofs:

ROBERT III. broke his heart, because his eldest son, Robert, was starved to death; and his youngest, James, was made a captive.

JAMES I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.

JAMES II. was slain by the bursting of a cannon.

JAMES III. when flying from battle was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage, into which he had been carried for assistance.

JAMES IV. fell in Flodden Field.

JAMES V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army at Solway Moss.

HENRY STUART, Lord Darnley, was assassinated, and then blown up, in his palace.

MARY STUART was beheaded in England.

JAMES VI. (and First of England,) died under circumstances just related.

CHARLES I. was beheaded at Whitehall.

CHARLES II. was exiled for many years.

JAMES II. lost his crown, and died in banishment.

ANN, after a reign, which though glorious, was rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of a broken heart, occasioned by the quarrels of her favoured servants.

The posterity of James II. have remained wanderers in foreign lands.

ANTIENT AND MODERN ANECDOTES BY J. P. ANDREWS.

SUMMARY

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST,

SURNAMED

THE MARTYR.

Born at Dumfermline, in Scotland, November 29th, A. D. 1600. Crowned February 2d, 1625. Married, in 1625, to Henrietta Maria, Daughter to Henry IV. of France, and Mary of Medicis, by whom he had issue,

Charles James, who died an infant;

Charles II. } Kings of Great Britain;
James II. }

Henry, Duke of Gloucester, died at the age of twenty; Mary, married to William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, Father of King William III; Elizabeth, Anne, and Catherine, died unmarried; Henrietta, married Philip, Duke of Orleans, Brother of Louis XIV. King of France. King Charles reigned twenty-four years; was beheaded January 30th, 1649, and buried at Windsor.

Principal Events.

Petition of Right, for abolishing arbitrary Taxes and Imprisonment, presented. Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton, a Lieutenant. Tax of Ship Money, levied without consent of Parliament. Resistance of Hambden. Civil War with Scotland. Peace with France and Spain. Episcopacy abolished in the North. Solemn League and covenant Civil War in England. Various successes of the King and Parliament against each other. Execution of Archbishop Laud. Cromwell gives law to the Parliament. The King goes to the Scots; is delivered up by them; escapes to the

Isle of Wight; is seized again by the army, imprisoned, brought to trial, disavows the authority of the Court, by whose sentence, however, he is condemned and beheaded.

Eminent Persons.

Archbishop Laud. Earl of Strafford. John Hambden. Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland. Harry Cary, Lord Falkland.* H. Montague, Earl of Manchester. R. Greville, Lord Brooke. Lord Keeper Littleton. Arthur, Lord Capel. Lord Edward Herbert, of Cherbury. G. Stanley, Earl of Derby. J. Digby, Earl of Bristol. Ulicke De Burgh, Marquis of Clanrickarde, and Earl St. Albans. Henry Carey, Earl of Monmouth. Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. E. Somerset, Marquis of Worcester.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Popes.

Urban VIII. 1623. Innocent X. 1644.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Ferdinand II. 1619. Ferdinand III. 1637.
Of the Turks.—Amurath IV. 1623. Ibrahim, 1640. Mahomet IV. 1649.

Kings.

Of France.—Louis XIII. 1620. Louis XIV. 1649.
Of Spain and Portugal.—Philip IV. 1621.
Of Portugal alone.—John IV. 1640.†

* This Nobleman having been brought into the House of Commons at a very early age, was told by a Member that "he looked as if he had not sowed his Wild Oats;" "then I am come," he replied, "to the properest place, where there are so many Geese to pick them up."

† The Portuguese shook off the Spanish yoke, and elected John, Duke of Braganza, their King.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

" With firmness forced, apparently serene,
" The fated Monarch meets th' afflicting scene;
" But when he views his Children's opening charms,
" Clouded in grief, and folds them in his arms—
" Paternal yearnings all his heart possess,
" His firmness stagger, and his soul oppress."

C. DIBDIN, JUN.

" Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
" But this most foul, strange and unnatural."

SHAKESPEARE.

" Nor agonies, nor livid death disgrace
" The sacred features of the Monarch's face;
" In the cold visage, mournfully serene,
" The same indignant majesty is seen."

ROWE'S LUCAN.

" Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'echafaud
" Chez le peuple aux excès le passage est rapide;
" Furieux aujourd'hui, demain il est timide;
" Un rien le rend cruel, un rien peut le toucher;
" Il dresse tour-a-tour l'Autel & le Bucher;
" Et ne suivant jamais que les loix de caprice
" Son idol est toujours au bord du precipice."

LE VICOMTE D*****.

" Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer
" (The Royal Martyr prays we know,)
" This guilty isle, oh Heaven! spare,
" Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below."

COWLEY.

WHILE

WHILE RALEIGH wrote "The World" one
dreary day,
He heard, beneath his prison bars, a fray;
But on enquiry, could not learn, forsooth,
Which party err'd, or which declared the truth.
The foil'd historian cast his pen aside,
"Dare I presume old tales to tell," he cried,
"When, from what happens, almost in my sight,
"I find no clue to teach me wrong from right?"
If penetration, deep as his, could falter,
I claim excuse enough,—I'm no Sir Walter.—
Some writers of our martyr'd CHARLES believe
He was religious,* brave; wou'd ne'er deceive:
Was affable, chaste, temp'rate, wise, nor can
You take, than theirs, a nobler view of man.
Others with pertinacity declare
Him weak, oppressive, govern'd by the fair;

* He wrote, also, and his works, after his death, published in a volume, intitled "Reliquiæ Sacræ Carolinæ; or, the Works of that great Monarch and glorious Martyr, King Charles I. both civil and sacred." After the Restoration, his famous Εικων Βασιλικη was published, which went through forty-seven impressions, including 48,000 copies; "the greatest run," says Burnet, "that any book has had in our age."

CATALOGUE OF ROYAL AUTHORS; HARRIS'S LIFE OF CHARLES I.; BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES.

Fond

Fond of prerogative, to fav'rites kind,
Yet to his people's real int'rest blind.
Haply could we with truth inspect his heart,
We might behold some weakness claim a part;
Where many a brilliant grace and virtue blend,
Observed by many foes, and many friends.
Unequal with an host, alas! to cope,
Alternate prey to flattery, fear, and hope;
The monarch's deeds should large allowance claim,
With whom too often, to a nation's shame,
Success is *virtue*, and *misfortune*, *blame!*

The outset of the hapless monarch's reign,
Was mark'd by war (bequeathed by JAMES) with Spain;
When BUCKINGHAM, our blood-stain'd records tell,
By gloomy FELTON's savage dagger fell.
The northern presbytery, near and far,
Cry "havock! and let slip the dogs of war;"
And "league and covenant," those terms of peace,
Engender troubles, not for years to cease.
Oh! for the force of BUTLER's biting pen,
To stygmatize false zeal and hot brain'd men!

The

The King takes arms,—the leaguers in a trice,
Ask peace,—'tis violate,—and granted twice;
One party roundly swear 'twas CHARLES who broke it,
While cavaliers affirm the Scots provoke it.

The English Parliament themselves proclaim
Perpetual, and the royal acts disclaim;
Degrade the King's best friends, his mandates mock,
And sentence LAUD and STRAFFORD* to the block.

Various the fatal contests that took place,
Betwixt descendants of one British race;
Children and father variously essay
The doubtful issue of each hard-fought day;
Tadcaster, Edgehill, Gisbro', Braddock down,
The blood imbibe shed 'gainst and for the crown;
Newberry, Chaldgrave, Saltheath, Stratton plain,
Allesford and Rounday, Lansdown still remain
Graves of the conquering and conquer'd slain.

* When the Lieutenant of the Tower offered Strafford a coach, lest he should be torn to pieces by the mob, in passing to execution, he replied, "I die to please the people, and I will die their own way."

ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS.

Crop'dey,

Crop'dey, and Langport, each a blood-stain'd field,
Decided not which cause was doom'd to yield ;
But Marston Moor and RUPERT's foil and flight,
Proved mournful preludes to the fatal fight.
Of NASEBY,—NASEBY! thy thrice "blasted heath,"
Betray'd a monarch to a traitor's death!

Few are the lines that may the sequel tell,
How tried, insulted, sold, the sov'reign fell ;
How, to each judge debas'd, with honest pride,
Th' exalted King all legal pow'r denied.

And when the murderer, trembling at his task,
Brandish'd the axe, yet shrank behind his mask :
The King superior to the guilty race,
(While radiant majesty illum'd his face,)
With thoughts on kingdoms everlasting placed,
Left this, for ever by his fall disgraced!

Nor JUXON be thy pious worth unsung,
(Howe'er unworthily the lyre be strung,)
Thy dying master's woes who dared to sooth,
And death's sharp avenue to mercy smooth.

So

So, in our days, when Gallia's father fell ;
If future times should credit what we tell,
That priest will meet due praise, whose holy care,
Led him unaw'd by parricide SANTERRE,
To say, or e're the fatal blow was given,
" Son of St. Louis! you ascend to Heaven !!!"

As music is to poetry a kin,
(Sisters, the sons of erudition say,)
We may, perchance, presume, " withouten sin,"
Here to insert, what hath " proclaymed bin,"
Of martial music in King CHARLES's days.
A subject all, I ween,
Have interest in,
Who know how oft our lads have play'd their parts,
To tunes that rous'd their own, and quailed their foemen's hearts.

The following was found in M.S. in an old chest belonging to the Earl of Huntingdon, and is supposed to be an Order to all Lieutenants of Counties, Signed " CHARLES REX,"

HORACE WALPOLE.

" WHEREAS the antient custome of nations
" hath ever bene to use one certaine and constant
forme

" forme of march in the warres, whereby to be
" distinguished one from another. And the
" march of this our English nation, so famous in
" all the honourable atchievements and glorious
" warres of this our kingdom in foreign parts,
" (being by the approbation of strangers them-
" selves confest and acknowledged the best of
" all marches,) was, through the negligence and
" carelessness of drummers, and by long discon-
" tinuance, so altered and changed from the
" antient gravitie and majestie thereof, as it was
" in danger utterly to have bene lost and forgot-
" ten. It pleased our late deare brother, Prince
" Henry, to revive and rectifie the same, by
" ordayining an establishment of one certaine
" measure, which was beaten in his presence at
" Greenwich, Anno 1610. In confirmation
" whereof, we are graciously pleased at this
" instance, and humble sute of our right trusty
" and well beloved cousin and counsellor,
" Edward Viscount Wimbledon, to set down and
" ordayne this present establishment, hereunder
" expressed. Willing and commanding all
" drummers within our kingdom of England and
" principalitie

" principalitie of Wales, to observe the same, as
" well in this our kingdom as abroad in the
" service of any foreign Prince or State, without
" addition or alteration whatsoever, to the end
" that so antient, famous, and commendable a
" custome may be preserved, as a patterne and
" precedent to all posteritie."

" GIVEN at our Palace, at Westminster,
" the Seventh Day of February, in
" the Seventh Yeare of our Reigne
" of England, Scotland, France, and
" Ireland."

SUMMARY OF THE

INTER-REGNUM;

OR,

COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND.

Born, A.D. 1649, at the death of King Charles the First. Had issue, illegitimate, many pretended Saints and genuine Hypocrites; many of whom, however, were brave men and shrewd politicians. Died, 1653, on the Restoration of King Charles the Second, and its memory buried in the polished frivolity and licentious manners of that Monarch's dissipated reign.

Principal Events.

Suppression of the Levellers. Siege of Dublin. Storming of Tredah. Rise of the Covenanters. Loyalty, Misfortunes, and Execution of the Marquis of Montrose. Battle of Worcester, and narrow escape of Charles the Second from the Parliament Army. War with the Dutch. Violent Dissolution of the Parliament by Cromwell, and elevation of that extraordinary man to the Protectorate.

Eminent Persons.

John Milton; Waller; Davenaut; Cowley; Sir John Denham; Harrington; Harvey; Clarendon; Selden; Hobbes. Admirals Blake, Montague, &c, Generals Bradshaw, Ireton, Fairfax, Monk, Lambert, Fleetwood; the Earl of Essex; Sir Henry Vane; Bulstrode Whitelocke, Lord Keeper.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Popes.

Innocent X. 1644. Alexander VII. 1655.

Emperors.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Ferdinand III. 1637. Leopold, 1658.
Of the Turks.—Mahomet IV. 1649.

Kings and Queen.

Of France.—Louis XIV. 1649.
Of Spain.—Philip IV. 1621.
Of Portugal.—John IV. 1640. Alphonso VI. 1656.
Of Denmark.—Frederic III. 1648.
Of Sweden.—Christina 1633, Charles X 1653.

INTER-REGNUM;

OR,

THE COMMONWEALTH.

" When civil dudgeon first grew high,
" And men fell out, they knew not why;
" When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
" Was beat with fist instead of a stick."

BUTLER.

Why " Then a monstrous rabblement there pass'd
" Of rude mis-shapen Wights, a horrid shew;
" 'Till, slowly pacing, onward came at last,
" A long lean spectre, imp of vice and woe,
" Hight melancholy, with deportment low."

LEIGH HUNT.

" Established violence and lawless might,
" Avow'd and hallow'd by the name of right."

ROWE'S LUCAN.

" Fell Anarchy!
" As thy loud trumpet calls
" To deadly rage and fierce alarms,
" Just Order's goodly fabric falls;
" Whilst the mad people cry, to arms! to arms!
" With thee, Proscription, child of Strife,
" With death's choice implements is seen,
" Her murd'rous gun, assassin's knife.——

POETRY OF THE ANTIJACOBIN.

READER, pardon that the muse
Such uphill drudgery should chuse,

As

As make a list, tho' odd, yet true,
Of some of Praise-God Barebones crew;
"Praise-God Barebones," so do we,
From such mongrels to be free;
Such strange names, and such strange men,
Ne'er may England see again.

The names that follow, I assure ye,
Says HUME, once form'd a Sussex jury;
For me, if their meaning I've wrongly exprest,
My meaning pray pardon, it's meant for the best.

MAKE-PEACE HEATON, like Hudibras fought;
FLY-DEBATE ROBERTS, a wrangling calf;
MORE-FRUIT FOWLER, thy fruit is worth nought;
WEEP-NOT BILLING, thy name makes us laugh.
EARTH ADAMS, CALL'D LOWER, and BREWER THE MEEK;
SPELMAN RETURN, nor with blockheads be found;
FAINT-NOT HEWIT, God knows thou art weak;
STAND-FAST STRINGER, 'tis ticklish ground.

Be-faithful Joiner, of traitors the tool ;
Fight-the-good-fight White, with those
you've misled ;
Hope-for Bending, the fate of a fool ;
Kill-Sin Pimple, cut off thine own head,
Accepted Trevor, by reason refused ;
Compton Redeemed, to common sense lost ;
Grateful Harding, a name most abused :
God-reward Smart, with a smart whipping
post.

With what contempt you'd treat an age,
That gives such fools to history's page ;
Did it not also bring to view,
Hobbes, Harrington, and Harvey too.
Harvey, by whom first understood
The circulation of the blood.
And Denham, who can charm us still,
Living, tho' dead, on Cooper's Hill ;
Cowley, "whose Wit, tho' thousand shapes it
bears,
"Yet comely in a thousand shapes appears."*

* Cowley's Ode on Wit.

WALLER and DRYDEN both cou'd deign to sing,
I grieve to say,
In eulogaic lay,
Usurping CROMWELL and his murdered KING.

"Unhappy DRYDEN! in all CHARLES's days,
"ROSCOMMON only boasts unspotted lays;"
So POPE has written, but 'tis plain,
We but anticipate the foll'wing reign.

From BAREBONES, and his late named crew,
'Tis known to all, that BUTLER drew
His Puritanic Quixote's pranks,
With great success and little thanks.

What bard now rises with seraphic flight,
With eye of mind and soul of light!
'Tis MILTON! cease! dare I record his fame,
I'd use no panegyric, but his name.

What politic matters took place, 'twere as well,
Under CROMWELL's protectorship briefly to tell;
So I'll end with four couplets, from whence may be deem'd,
How Noll'smen and King'smen each other esteemed.

At

At a staunch cavalier, thus a parliament man,
To rail "in set terms," about goodness began:
"All carnal excesses you royalists twine,
"Dress, eating, and sporting, cards, women, and wine."

"I own," says the knight, "we've the vices of MEN,
"Who want some reforming, 'tis granted, but then,
"Your tyrant rebellion produces one evil,
"Call'd spiritual pride,—that's the vice of the DEVIL."

SUMMARY OF THE

PROTECTORSHIP

OF

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Born at Huntingdon, April 25th, 1599. Proclaimed Protector, December 16th, 1653. Married Elizabeth, Daughter of Sir James Boucher, by whom he had issue, Richard, who succeeded to the Protectorate; Henry, "a man fit both for the Cabinet and the Field; the darling of the Army and of the People," was Governor of Ireland when his father died; Bridget, married first to General Ireton, afterwards to Lieutenant-General Fleetwood; Elizabeth, married to Mr. Claypole; Mary, to Lord Viscount Faulconbridge; and Frances, who first espoused Mr. Rich, and afterwards Sir John Russell. Oliver was descended of a Welch family, named Williams, one of whom marrying a Sister of Lord Cromwell, in the Reign of King Henry VIII. changed his name to Cromwell. The Protector had studied at Sydney College, Cambridge; was by no means remarkable till the Civil War, when he commenced his great career as Captain of a Troop of Horse. He died of a tertian ague, September 3d, 1658; it is disputed whether his body was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, sunk in the Thames, or interred in Naseby Field.

Principal Events.

The Protector assumed more arbitrary authority than any of our Kings, and was, perhaps, better obeyed. Dissolves the long Parliament. Vi et Armis. Gerard and Vowel executed for a Conspiracy against him. An alliance with Sweden. Peace with the United Provinces, 1654; and with the

the French, who asked it, 1655. Blake and Montague eminently successful against the Spanish Navy and Sea Ports. Dunkirk and Mardyke put into the Protector's hands. Don Pantaleon de Saa, Brother to the Portuguese Ambassador, executed in London for murder. Oliver refused the crown. The sect of Quakers, principally founded by George Fox, commenced about this time.

EMINENT PERSONS and COTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS are inserted under the COMMONWEALTH.

OLIVER CROMWELL,

PROTECTOR.

" The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose;
" An evil soul producing Holy Writ,
" Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
" A goodly apple rotten at the core."

SHAKESPEARE.

" Both Cain and Abel back are come
" In vizards most divine;
" God bless us from a pulpit drum,
" And preaching Cataline."

SIR JOHN BIRKINHEAD.

" Guile, violence and murder, seiz'd on man;
" And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran."

THOMSON.

CHARLES now no more, his best adherents fled,
Or those who dare espouse the martyr's side,
Or own the son of him unjustly dead,
Like him the victim of rebellion died.

MONTROSE thy loyalty and glorious lot
Will, to thine honor, live when traitors are forgot;

SCOTLAND

Scotland awhile deserves good men's applause,
By kind adherence to the royal cause.
The son of Charles essays to gain his right,
'Till all his hopes expire at Wor'ster fight;
Derby! the scaffold by thy foes decreed,
Graces the cause for which you nobly bleed.
The "King enacts more wonders than a man,"
Patient in suff'ring, hoping better fate;
He proves that fortune, threaten what she can,
Still never overcomes the truly great.
Eclips'd, like Alfred, in a peasant's guise,
He stoops to conquer, and submits to rise!
And long shall May thy gilded honors bring,
Kind Boscobel, the shelter of a King.

Cromwell now seated in the ruling chair,
To tell his virtues haply were but fair;
But, not at present knowing what they were,
We'll just sum up his actions, first premising,
That, from our souls, we cannot help despising
The wretch whose nonchalance, while Charles's fate
Was canvass'd, with the cushion where he sate
Play'd like a schoolboy,—when the fatal scroll
Of death was signing, Cromwell, void of soul,

In

In fiend-like sport, black characters could trace,
With ink on his too black associates face.

England's respect, her navy and her trade,
In justice let us own he well supported ;
(But *that* his interest prompted.) and his aid,
And close alliance more than once were courted.
Van Trump, DeWit, DeRuyter, led the Dutch,
And swept our seas, or dared to say as much ;
'Till Monk, and Blake, the Nelson of that day,
With Pen and Ascue, in hard well fought fray,
Tore their high-top-broad-bottom'd-brooms away

The Quakers with incipient fermentation
Of spirit moving, next disturb the nation ;
One calls himself the saviour of mankind,
Another, sword in hand, the senate meets :
And swear to kill each Rump* that he may find,
At home, in parliament, or in the streets.
A third begins a fast of forty days,
But does not live to end it ; yet my lays
Mean not to blame their *present* blameless race,
Facts, and not comments, here alone have place.

* Members of what was nick-named the Rump Parliament.

Therefore,

Therefore, to please you, we'll look back again,
And finish CROMWELL's self-appointed reign.

Regardless of promises, honor, and word,
He Drogheda's garrison puts to the sword;
At Dunbar and Wor'ster defeating the Scots,
For slaves sells his pris'ners, to India, in lots.
In private proposing to make himself King,
He cou'dn't get colleagues in concert to sing;
Rules over the English as Turks govern Moors,
A senate first forms, and then kicks out of doors;
Then fierce as Achilles, more bully than Hector,
That Government cancels, which makes him Protector.
The army maintained by this arrogant elf,
Kept popular liberty all to himself;
And, scorning to imitate Kings, he had houses
More num'rous than they, or their sons, or their spouses:
When fortune placed loyal men under his hands,
Or rather his feet, as the true matter stands,
If their heads he remitted, he cut off their lands.
Ungrateful to him who inspir'd all he knew,
(And to keep from his patron, the devil, his due)
As sure as his dark highness looks over Lincoln,
Noll made it high treason his death but to think on.

Tho'

Tho' much disappointed, not mounting a throne,
He prank'd up a pert House of Peers of his own;
Last, vext he'd nought further to flatter his pride,
Like big ALEXANDER, he manfully cried,
And so had his court, but by good luck he died.

SUMMARY OF THE GOVERNMENT OF

RICHARD CROMWELL,

SECOND PROTECTOR.

Proclaimed, September 4th, 1658 Refused a Petition from the Army, desiring leave to elect its own Generals. Summoned a Parliament, January 27th, 1659, and dissolved it immediately, by order of the Officers of the Army, who were incensed at the said Parliament enacting that there should be no Council of War during its setting. The Army then elected Fleetwood for their General, restored their long Parliament, and abolished the Protectorship. Richard willingly resigning, on condition of his debts being paid. Fleetwood and Lambert dissolved the Parliament once more; and, by Monk's assistance, accomplished the RESTORATION. After which Richard travelled some years; and, under a borrowed name, was introduced to the Prince of Conti; who, talking of England, broke out into admiration of Cromwell's courage and capacity: "But as for that poor pitiful fellow, Richard," said he, "what has become of him? How could he be such a blockhead as to reap no greater benefit from all his father's crimes and successes?" Richard extended his peaceful and quiet life to the age of 86, and died in the year 1712, at the latter end of Queen Ann's Reign. His social virtues, more valuable than the greatest capacity, met with a recompence, more precious than noisy fame, and more suitable,—contentment and tranquility. Vide HUME.

In the decline of life, being obliged to appear in the Court of Chancery, in consequence of the unnatural conduct of his daughters, he was treated with extraordinary respect by the Chief Justice, Sir John Holt, who placed him on the bench, and insisted on his wearing his hat.—It was, probably, at this time, on being asked how long it was since he had been at Westminster, he answered, "Not since I sat in that chair;" pointing to the Throne.

For EMINENT PERSONS and COTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS, vide "The COMMONWEALTH."

RICHARD CROMWELL,

PROTECTOR.

"As honest as the skin between his brows."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Le Second Protecteur R. C. n'ayant pas les qualities du premier, ne ponvait en avoir la fortune. Son Sceptre, n'etait point sontenue par l'Epee; et n'ayant ni l'intrepidite ni l'hypocrysie d'Olivier, il ne sent ni se faire craindre de l'Armeé, ni imposer aux parties, et aux sectes qui divisaient l'Angleterre."

VOLTAIRE.

"Old NOLL is marching off;
"And DICK, his heir apparent,
"Succeeds him in the Goverment;
"A very lame Vicegerent.

"He'll reign but little time, poor tool
"But sinks beneath the State,
"That will not fail to ride the fool
"'Bove common horseman's weight."

BUTLER'S VICAR OF BRAY.

"I positively forbid," said Richard, to one of his adherents who pressed him to exert more vigour against the Royalists, "I positively forbid shedding the blood of a single man in my cause; I would rather relinquish the post I hold, than proceed to such unwarrantable extremities; I wish to retain my situation no longer than shall be consistent with the public good, and the wishes of those I govern."

LOUNGER'S COMMON PLACE BOOK.

THIS gentleman sat not two years in the chair,
And we don't hear of much he effected while there;

For

For LAMBERT and FLEETWOOD, and Parliament long,
With the army, reduced all his pow'r to a song.
So he said he was willing to go or to stay,
If they'd pension his life, and his creditors pay.
Next MONK took the changeable symbols of pow'r,
And sent Messrs LAMBERT and Co. to the Tow'r.
Invited the King, who in splendor came over,
And recognized loyalty once more at Dover;
To London escorted, a grand coronation
Ensued, while the toast drank throughout the whole nation,
Was "down with the Rumps, and long live Restoration."

As a contrast to the gloomy subjects recorded during the Commonwealth, the following Specimen of Poetry of the Year 1658, is presented, which contains sentiments so congenial with all gentlemanly feelings, that no apology is necessary for its insertion:

SONG,

BY SIR ASTON COKAYNE.

OF WOMEN.

I wonder why by foul-mouth'd men,
Women so slander'd be,

Since

Since it so eas'ly doth appear
They're better far than we.

Why are the Graces every one
Pictur'd as women be,
If not to shew that they in grace
Do more excel than we?

Why are the liberal Sciences
Pictur'd as women be,
But t' shew, if they would study them,
They'd more excel than we.

And yet the senses every one
As men should pictur'd be,
To make it known that women are
Less sensual than we.

Why are the Virtues every one
Pictur'd as women be,
If not to shew that they in them
Do more excel than we?

Since women are so full of worth
Let them all praised be;
For commendations they deserve,
In ampler wise than we.

END OF PART THE NINTH.

ENGLAND.

PART THE TENTH.

From the Restoration of Charles II. to the Revolution in 1688.

CONTENTS.

Disappearance of the Fanatics.—Levity of the Court of Charles II.—*James* II.—*National discontents, arising from his arbitrary Government, and partiality to the Church of Rome.—Abdication of the King, and Joint Accession of William Prince of Orange, and Mary, Daughter of James* II.

SUMMARY

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

CHARLES THE SECOND,

Born, 1630. Crowned on St. George's Day, April 23d, 1661. Married, May 21st, 1662, to Catherine, Daughter of John IV. King of Portugal, by whom he had no issue. His illegitimate Children were, James, Duke of Monmouth, Son of Mrs. Lucy Walters, or Barlow. By Elizabeth, Viscountess Shannon, he had Charlotte Jemima, and Henrietta Maria. By Mrs. Catherine Pegge, Charles Fitz-Charles, called also Don Carlos, and afterwards Earl of Plymouth. By Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, he had, Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton; Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton; George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland; Anne Fitzroy; Charlotte, married to the Earl of Litchfield; and Barbara. By Mrs. Helen Gwynne, he had, Charles Beauclerc, Duke of St. Alban's, and James, who died young. By Louisa de Querouille, a Lady of Bretagne, created Duchess of Portsmouth, he had Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond: and by Mrs. Mary Davies, he had Mary Tudoy, married to Francis, eldest Son of the Earl of Derwentwater. Charles II. died February 6th, 1684-5, in the 25th year of his Reign, and 54th of his Age. He was buried at Westminster.

Principal Events.

Trial and Execution of several of the Regicides. The King's Marriage. Execution of Vane. Presbyterian Clergy ejected. Dunkirk sold to the French. Rupture with Holland and Denmark. Sea Fight of Four Days. Great Plague, and Fire of London. Peace of Breda. The King unites with the French. Second Dutch War. Pretended Popish plot invented by Titus Oates, which many innocent persons suffer for. The Commons

mons propose the exclusion of the Duke of York, on account of his bias to the Roman Catholic persuasion. The King's opposition. He governs without a Parliament. The Rye House plot charged upon the Protestants. Stafford, Algernon Sydney, and Lord Russell, beheaded.

Eminent Persons.

Hyde, Earl of Clarendon; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; Butler, Duke of Ormond; Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury; Sir William Temple; Algernon Sydney; Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon; R. Boyle, Earl of Orrery; G. Mackenzie, Earl of Cromarty; G. Monk, Duke of Albemarle; C. Stanley, Earl of Derby; Montague, Earl of Sandwich; J. Powlett, Marquis of Winchester; W. Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle; G. Digby, Earl of Bristol; Denzel, Lord Holles; Dudley, Lord North; J. Touchet, Earl Castlehaven & Baron Audley; H. Pierpoint, Marquis of Dorchester; J. Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury; Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham; Francis North; Lord Keeper Guildford; J. Robartes, Earl Radnor; Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesea; Marquis of Argyle;* H. Finch, Earl of Winchelsea; A. Carey, Lord Falkland; R. Maitland, Earl Lauderdale; Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery;† Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

* This Marquis of Argyle wrote on the great importance of observing the filial duties, yet quarrel'd with his father and his son.

Catalogue of Noble Authors.

† This illustrious lady replied in answer to a mandate, from Sir Joseph Williamson, his Majesty's Secretary, which required her to return a certain person, a Member for the borough of Appleby, in Westmorland:—

"I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject."

"Your man shan't stand,

"Anne, &c. &c. &c."

COTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

Popes.

Alexander VII. 1655. Clement IX. 1667. Clement X. 1670. Innocent XI. 1676.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Leopold, 1658.
Of the Turks.—Mahomet IV. 1649.

Kings.

Of France.—Louis XIV. 1643.
Of Spain.—Philip IV. 1621. Charles II. 1665.
Of Portugal.—Alphonso VI. 1656. Pedro II. 1683.
Of Denmark.—Frederic III. 1648. Christian V. 1670.
Of Sweden.—Charles XI 1660.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

" The only genius of the Line of Stewart."

HORACE WALPOLE.

" Who never said a foolish thing,
" Nor ever did a wise one."

ROCHESTER.

" Few men put on the appearance of sincerity better, and in which so much artifice was usually hid; that, in conclusion, he could deceive none, for all were mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarcely any virtues to correct them."

BISHOP BURNET.

" Let pedants urge their learned strife
" To teach dull mortals what is life:
" Life's a jest—and all things shew it;
" So said Charles, so said the Poet;
" Then live to laugh, since life's a jest,
" Who laughs the most enjoys it best."

MARK LONSDALE.

" Charl'y lov'd good ale and wine,
" And Charl'y lov'd good brandy;
" And Charl'y lov'd a pretty girl"—

OLD BALLAD.

" Already quench'd sedition's brand,
" And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land."

DRYDEN.

O BE joyful! let's sing, since hypocrisy's hood
Has been pluck'd from their saintships so dev'lish
good;

Who with puritan modesty pilfer'd the crown,
But whose stiff-neck'd nobility now must bow down.
Derry down.

The semblance of piety caus'd ev'ry evil,
In a war that look'd much more religious than civil,
Presbyterians and Papists alike draw the sword,
'Till PROTESTANT CHARLES by a MONK was restored.
Derry down.

In that Court where devotion of late was a trade,
Where round headed rumps in the market-place play'd;
Now the arts and the loves and the graces unite,
To make formal extremes grow extremely polite.
Derry down.

CHARLES's beauties you've heard of, I'll venture to say,
Unequall'd by any, (but those of our day);
I mean the dear girls who surrounded his throne,
For of personal beauty he'd none of his own.
Derry down.

Now

Now ROCHESTER's Muse running riot apace,
Indecency clothed so, with talents' best grace;
That whether he wish'd us to reckon each line
More brilliant or beastly, 'tis hard to define.
Derry down.

By wedlock to royalty closely allied,
Shines CLARENDON, conscience still taking for guide,
Of honest intentions who truly may boast,
And with most spirit wrote when his theme was a ghost.
Derry down.

Now COWLEY wrote WIT, which a thousand shapes bears,
'Yet comely in each of the thousand appears;"
And SHAFTESBURY* placed at the helm of the state,
Liv'd when BUTLER's Muse found admirers too late.†
Derry down.

* "Shaftesbury," said Charles, "thou art certainly the greatest rogue in England." His Lordship replied, "Of a Subject perhaps I am, Sir."

† "He ask'd for bread and he received a stone," as the poverty he suffer'd while living, and his monument when dead conjointly testify.

We'd

We'd wars with the French, and we'd wars with
the Dutch,
With France very little, with Holland too much;
VAN TROMP and DE RUYTER in each left a name,
With RUPERT and SANDWICH coeval in fame.
Derry down.

Some genuine plots on their authors were fixt,
With plots to invent plots, most curiously mixt;
For DANGERFIELD, BEDLOE and OATES found
a TONGUE,*
To affirm half the natives deserv'd to be hung.
Derry down.

" And DRYDEN, in immortal strain,
" Had raised the " table round" again:
" But that a ribbald King and Court
" Bade him toil on to make them sport,
" Demanded for their niggard pay,
" Fit for their souls, a looser lay,
" Licentious satire, song and play."
WALTER SCOTT.

* Dr. Tongue.

How

How shall we here pursue th' unpolish'd strain,
That labours to describe a motley reign?*
Who shall pourtray the horrors of that year,
Which saw death-dealing Pestilence appear?
When London's guardian Genius droop'd his head,
To mourn o'er countless crouds untimely dead?
Or who shall paint the all-devouring flame,
Which left the capital an empty name?
While Britain thus was humbled to the dust,
Two foes were added, Discord and Distrust;
More fell than recent pestilence or fire,
Came plague of party and religious ire:
Witness that "Shaft which pointing to the skies,"
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and *lies*;†
Be it remember'd, a momentous fact,
This reign produced the HABEAS CORPUS ACT.
And, much less creditable to the state,
(But we must bad and good alike relate),
Dunkirk to France disgracefully was sold,
For some four hundred thousand pounds in gold;

* The Reign of Charles II. which some preposterously represent as our augustan age, retarded the progress of polite literature, and the immeasurable licentiousness indulged, or rather applauded at Court, was more destructive to the refined arts, than even the Court nonsense and enthusiasm of the preceding period.

HUME.

† Pope.

The

The kingdom's good thus lavish to support
The enervating vices of the court.
CROMWELL and his most hypocritic crew,
('Tis fit the devil should receive his due),
Altho' subversive of domestic law,
Still kept our foreign enemies in awe;
While CHARLES by stern adversity untaught,
Bought folly,—and we paid for what he bought.
At CHARLES's death a strange suspicion rose,
That poison brought his being to a close;*
His quondam friends enquiry seem to shun,
In haste to bow before the rising sun.
No splendid rites the monarch's corpse await,†
Befitting CHARLES's rank and England's state;
Coldly to earth consigning his remains,
His brother mourns,—I mean his brother reigns.
'Twou'd ask a larger field and better brains
To give more samples of the British muse,
Whose works are extant,—read 'em if you chuse;

* There were apparent suspicions of his having been poisoned, but, I must add, I never heard any laid those suspicions on his Brother.

BISHOP BURNET's *History of his own Times.*

† The King's body was indecently neglected: his funeral was very mean; he did not lie in state; no mourning was given; and the expence of it was not equal to what an ordinary nobleman's funeral will rise to.

IBID.

While

While with an humble hope to pleasure thos
Who wou'd the ages current style peruse,
Two subjects I'll select of common prose;
Subjects which might a MILTON's pen inspire,
The dreadful PLAGUE and swift succeeding FIRE.

ABRIDGED EXTRACTS,

FROM A JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE

SUPPOSED BY DANIEL DE FOE.

"IT was on the 10th of September, at night, my curiosity led me, or rather drove me, to see a pit where near four hundred had been buried; this may serve a little to describe the dreadful condition of that day, tho' it is impossible to say any thing that is able to give a true idea of it to those who did not see it, other than this: but it was indeed very, very, very dreadful, and such as no tongue can express.—

"I got admittance into the church-yard, by being acquainted with the sexton, who, tho' he did

did not refuse me, yet earnestly persuaded me not to go, telling me very seriously (for he was a good, religious, and sensible man,) that it was indeed their business and duty to venture, and to run all hazards, and that in it they might hope to be preserved; but I had no apparent will to it but my own curiosity, which, he believed, I wou'd not pretend was sufficient to justify my running that hazard. I told him I had been pressed in my mind to go, and that perhaps it might be an instructing sight that might not be without its uses. "Nay," says the good man, "if you will venture, in the name of God, go in: 'twill be a sermon to you, it may be the best you ever heard in your life: 'tis a speaking sight, and has a voice with it, and a loud one, to call us all to repentance;" and with that he opened the door, and said, "Go if you will."—His discourse had shock'd my resolution, and I stood wavering, but just at that interval I saw two links come over from the end of the Minories, and heard the bellman, and then appeared a dead cart, so I could no longer resist my desire of seeing, and went in: there was nobody I could perceive at first in the church-yard, but the buryers and the fellow

fellow that led the horse and cart, but when they came to the pit, they saw a man go to and again, mufiled up in a brown cloak, and making motions with his hands as if he was in great agony, and the buryers gathered about him, supposing he was one of those poor delirious creatures that used to bury themselves,—he said nothing, but two or three times groaned very deeply, and sighed as he would break his heart,—he was not a person infected, but one oppressed with a dreadful weight of grief indeed, having his wife and several of his children dead in the cart, which he followed in an agony of sorrow ;—a kind of masculine grief that could not give itself vent by tears ; calmly desiring the buryers to let him alone, he said he wou'd only see the bodies thrown in, and go away ; but no sooner were the bodies shot into the pit promiscuously, which was a surprize to him, (for he at the least expected they wou'd have been decently laid in, though indeed he was afterwards convinced that was impracticable,) I say, no sooner did he see the sight, but he cried out aloud, went backwards two or three steps, and fell down in a swoon ;—in a little time he came to himself, and they led him away ;—he look'd

look'd into the pit again, but the buryers had covered the bodies immediately with throwing in earth, that tho' there were lanthorns placed all round the sides of the pit upon the heaps of earth, yet nothing cou'd be seen."—The author describes other horrors of this pit, with a minuteness too terrific for this work, and concludes by saying, "I went directly home, where I could not but consider with thankfulness, the risque I had run, believing I had gotten no injury, as indeed I had not."

For the remainder of this, and the following extracts,
Vide BRAYLEY'S LONDON and MIDDLESEX.

EXTRACT from an official account of the great FIRE, in the London Gazette.

"WHITE-HALL, Sept. 8th, 1666.

"On the 2d inst. at one o'clock in the morning, there happened to break out a sad and deplorable fire in Pudding-Lane, near New Fish-Street, which falling out at that hour in the night, and in a quarter so closely built with wooden-pitch'd houses,

houses, spread itself so far before day, and with such destruction to the inhabitants and neighbours, that care was not taken for the timely preventing, as it ought to have been; so that this lamentable fire, in a short time, became too big to be mastered by any engine, or working near it. It fell out most unhappily too, that a violent easterly wind fomented it, and kept it burning all that day, and the night following; [the fire] spreading itself up to Gracechurch-Street, and downwards from Cannon-Street to the water side, as far as the Three Cranes in the vicinity. The people in all parts about it [were] distracted by the vastness of it, and their particular care to carry away their goods; many attempts were made to prevent the spreading of it, by pulling down houses and making great intervals: but all in vain; the fire seizing upon the timber and rubbish, and so continuing itself even thro' those spaces, and raging in a bright flame all Monday and Tuesday; notwithstanding his Majesty's own, and his Royal Highness's indefatigable and personal pains to apply all possible remedies to prevent it, calling upon and helping the people, with their guards, and a great number of nobility

and

and gentry unweariedly assisting therein, for which they were requited with a thousand blessings from the poor distressed people, &c. &c. &c."

The following is from the Rev. T. VINCENT'S account, under the title of "GOD'S terrible Voice in the City."

"It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and senses were lock'd up in the city, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad, and, like a myghty gyant refreshed with wine, doth awake and warm itself, quickly gathers strength, when it had made havoc of some houses, rush'd down the hill towards the bridge, crosseth Thames-Street, invadeth Magnus Church, at the bridge foot, and tho' that Church was so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricade against this conqueror; but having scaled and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much greater advantage into all places around about, and a great building of houses upon the bridge, is quickly thrown to the ground; then the conqueror being staid

staid in his course at the bridge, marcheth backwards to the city again, and runs along with great noise and violence thro' Thames westward, where having such combustible matter in its teeth, and such a fierce wind upon its back, it prevails with little resistance unto the astonishment of the beholders ;—now hopes begin to sink, and a general consternation seizeth on the spirit of the people, &c. &c. &c."

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

JAMES THE SECOND.

Born at St. James's, October 14th, 1633. Proclaimed, February 6th, 1685. Crowned 23d of April following. Married twice; first to Lady Anne Hyde Daughter to Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and Lord Chancellor. Four Sons, who died infants, and Four Daughters, Two of whom only lived to maturity, were issue of this marriage; and both those ladies succeeded to the Throne, viz. Mary, married to William, Prince of Orange; and Anne, married to George, Prince of Denmark. The second Wife of King James was Maria Josepha of Este, Daughter to Alphonzo of Este, Duke of Modena, by Laurenza Martinozzi; by this Queen James had James Francis Edward, called by the Protestants, the Old Pretender; (this Prince died at Rome, in 1766, leaving Two Sons: Charles, called the Young Pretender, and James, Cardinal of York). By his latter marriage the King had also Four Daughters, one born after his exile, who all died young. By Mrs. Arabella Churchill, he had three natural Children; and one by Catherine Sedgely, Countess of Dorchester. He died at St. Germain's, September 6th, 1701, in the 98th year of his age.

Principal Events.

Titus Oates convicted of perjury. Monmouth's invasion. Battle of Sedgmoor. Capture and Execution of the Duke of Monmouth. Cruelties of Judge Jefferies and Colonel Kirke. Argyle's invasion, defeat, and execution. The King attempts to establish the Roman Catholic Religion, and sends an Embassy to Rome. Seven Bishops, who petition against innovation in matters of Religion, are sent to the Tower, tried, and acquitted. The Prince of Orange is applied to by the

English; lands at Torbay. The King (deserted by the Army, Prince George of Denmark, and the Princess Anne,) endeavours to escape; is seized at Faversham, and brought to London. Makes a second escape, and leaves William of Nassau, and his Consort Mary, in quiet possession of the crown.

Eminent Persons.

The Duke of Monmouth; Spencer, Earl of Sunderland; Prince James, otherwise called the Pretender; Judge Jefferies; Colonel Kirk; G. Saville, Marquis of Halifax; George, Earl of Berkeley; Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds; H. Booth, Lord Delamore, and Earl of Warrington; C. Sackville, Earl of Dorset; H. Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire; I. Thomson, Lord Haversham; Colin Lindsay, Earl of Balcarras; James Dalrymple, Viscount Stair; R. Graham, Viscount Preston: Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemain.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Popes.

Innocent XI. 1676.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Leopold, 1658.
Of the Turks.—Mahomet IV. 1649. Solyman III. 1687

Kings.

Of France.—Louis XIV. 1643.
Of Spain.—Charles II. 1665.
Of Portugal.—Pedro II. 1683.
Of Denmark.—Christian V. 1679
Of Sweden.—Charles XI. 1660.

JAMES THE SECOND.

"I am now to prosecute this Work, and give the relation of an inglorious and unprosperous Reign, that began with great advantages; but these were so poorly managed, and so ill improved, that bad designs were ill laid and worse conducted; and all came, in conclusion, under one of the strangest catastrophes that is in any History. A great King, with strong armies and mighty fleets, a vast treasure, and powerful allies, fell all at once; and his whole strength, like a spider's web, was so irrecoverably broken with a touch, that he was never able to retrieve, what, for want of both judgment and heart, he threw up in a day."

BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES.

"And when fairly turn'd out, only call'd it resigning."

T. DIBDIN'S SONG.

"Forsaken thus he other thoughts revolves,
"To quit the realm, and many a scheme resolves;
"But let him go, nor heed, though thus you make
"The gentle Duke his lonely journey take."

HOOLE'S ARIOSTO.

"Mais si vous abusez de ce Supreme Rang,
"Pour fouler a vos pieds les loix et la patrie
"Je la defends, Siegneur, au péril de ma vie."

VOLTAIRE.

THO' poetry oft feigns, in sooth,
We nought inscribe but homely truth
Would we could mingle as we write
With information more delight;

And

And themes to fill our volume choose,
Which might instruct and yet amuse;
So should our pen be spared the pain
Of tracing JAMES the Second's reign.

Two Parliaments he first commands,
In north and southern British lands;
To answer every stated want,
Two millions revenue we grant.
Scotia, on loyalty's best grounds,
Adds near three hundred thousand pounds;*
Yet unpropitious in the main
Commenced King JAMES the Second's reign.

Now cruelty her sway denotes,
In doom severe of TITUS OATES;†
Who,

* Besides which the Scotch Parliament annexed the Duties of the Excise to the Crown for ever.

† Oates, Dangerfield, and others, had perjured themselves in accusing James, while Duke of York, of a plot against his brother; the Author by no means seeks to extenuate this man's guilt, but to throw deserved odium on the sanguinary severity with which corporal punishments were inflicted in this Reign; compared to many of which hanging or decollation had been mild and merciful. Burnet, and other respected Historians, tell us that James was naturally cruel; and when in Scotland, (in his Brother's Reign) where several were tortured before the Privy Council, to

Who, tho' a perjured pedagogue,
(When perjury was much in vogue)
Was of his sacred order stripp'd,
And, nearly to death's threshold, whipp'd;
Mortal more smart did ne'er sustain
Than he, in JAMES the Second's reign.

Next MONMOUTH, in unlucky time,
With rebel banner lands at Lyme;
At Taunton caus'd the bells to ring,
While fools proclaim'd him England's King.
But forced on Sedgemore plain to yield
To FEVERSHAM,* in hard fought field;
His bold attempt proved rash and vain
To shorten JAMES the Second's reign.

force confession relative to plots, and where, to use the Prelate's words, "the sight was so dreadful, that without an order restraining such a member to stay, the board would be forsaken, the Duke was so far from withdrawing, that he looked on, all the while, with indifference, and with an attention as if he had been to look on some curious experiment; this gave a terrible idea of him to all that observed it, as of a man that had no bowels nor humanity in him."

* The Earl of Feversham defeated Monmouth, (whose plea was, that Mrs. Barlow, also called Lucy Walters, his mother, had been lawfully married to Charles II.); and the unfortunate Duke was beheaded a month and four days from his ill-advised landing.

Near

Near Bridgewater, the fatal place,
Of MONMOUTH's downfall and disgrace;
The hapless Duke, half starved, half drown'd,
In covert of a ditch was found.
Sans trial, shorter by the head,
A month beheld him crown'd ,—and dead;
While his best friends their life blood drain,
For thwarting JAMES the Second's reign.

From Holland sailing, woe the while!
Lands,* but to fall, the bold ARGYLE;
Him too a month sufficed to try
His fortune in the field and die.
While dread proscription's reckless work,
By JEFFERIES and relentless KIRK,
Forbids repentance to obtain
Mercy in JAMES the Second's reign.

'Twere sad the hundredth part to tell
Of who by legal murder fell,
From hospitable Lady LISLE,
(Disgrace befal the jury vile,
Who,

* Landed in Scotland, May 20th, 1685; beheaded June 30th following.

† Alicia, Lady Lisle, above eighty years old, was tried for concealing two fugitives from the battle of Sedgemoor. The Jury acquitted

Who, aw'd by JEFFRIES, fear'd to spare
Her angel sex, her silver hair)
To meanest varlet, meanly slain
By tools of JAMES the Second's reign.

'Twere ruth to tell how Bodmin's Mayor
A gibbet high was bade prepare,
To execute some rebel elf,
Then forced to hansel it himself,
By one* who more enjoy'd the jest,
Because he was the victim's guest;
Who on that day did entertain
The friend of JAMES the Second's reign.

Thee too, fell KIRK! degraded man!
Such agony refined to plan,
As promise to a weeping maid
Her father's life,† and when betray'd,

Price

acquitted her three times, but were as often sent back; and Jefferies' threats at last prevailed on them to find her guilty; she was condemned to be burnt the same afternoon, and, as a great favour, *permitted* to lose her head.

* This monster in human shape was a Sir Anthony Kingston, who dined with the Mayor immediately prior to his unlooked-for execution.

† By some 'tis said her brother was the victim; that she was seduced to sacrifice her virtue to Kirk, on a solemn promise of her relative's pardon, whose corpse afterwards shewn to her hanging on

(Price of the boon her virgin fame,)
Shew'd her his corse! thou void of shame,
" Thine own Gods damn thee!" beastly stain
To JAMES the Second's luckless reign!

CORNISH* and BATEMAN scarcely tried
Or ere they on the scaffold died;
And GAUNT, whose sex nor virtue claims
Exemption from tormenting flames,
With hundreds more of victims, swell
The catalogue of those who fell;
And bid the Muse, in mournful strain,
Weep JAMES the Second's gloomy reign.

Now dispensation from the laws
The King demands, in which foul cause

on a sign-post; which dreadful sight deprived her of her reason is incontestibly true. Kirk caused ninety others to be executed at Taunton, his drums and trumpets playing in derision of their dying agonies. Jefferies condemned above six hundred in the West of England, most of whom suffered.

Vide POMFRET'S PATHETIC POEM OF "CRUELTY & LUST."

* Cornish had been Sheriff of London. Bateman was an eminent Surgeon. Elizabeth Gaunt was burnt for giving momentary shelter to one of Monmouth's fugitive adherents.

Judges

Judges corrupt are robed with power,
And prelates* punish'd with the Tower;
While CAM† and ISIS feel the rod,
And whips profane the man of GOD:‡
Sinks freedom bound in slavery's chain,
Under King JAMES the Second's reign.

To reconcile the kingdoms three
To INNOCENTS most holy see,
And homage pay to PETER's rights,
The Nuncio DADA JAMES invites;
And sends ambassador to Rome,
Where most himself had been at home,
One PALMER, Earl of CASTLEMAIN,§
A wight of JAMES the Second's reign.

* The Bishop of London was suspended, and Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of St. Asaph, Ely, Chichester, Bath and Wells, Peterborough, and Bristol, for their attachment to the Protestant Religion were imprisoned in the Tower; afterwards tried in the King's Bench, and acquitted, for which the Judges in their favour were displaced.

† The Statutes of both Universities were violated.

‡ The Reverend Mr. Johnson, for espousing the cause of the established Church, was most cruelly whipped, pillored, and fined 500 marks.

§ This Nobleman puns on a *Palmer* being sent to Rome; he published several pieces, and is celebrated in the CATALOGUE OF NOBLE AUTHORS.

Episcopalians

Episcopalians, in alarm,
For health of church begin to arm,
United, zealous in the cause
Of trampled rights and spurn'd at laws,
With great NASSAU for freedom treat;
NASSAU equips a gallant fleet,
Our dying charters to maintain,
And finish JAMES the Second's reign.

LOUIS, of France, this measure blames,
And offers ample aid to JAMES,*
Who tries by lenitives, too late,
To ward his near impending fate;
And fools who dared their trust abuse,
'Gin tremble in their recreant shoes,
As rapidly they mark the wane
Of ill-star'd JAMES the Second's reign.

With SCHOMBERG, SOLMES, and BENTINCK brave,
And AUVERQUERQUE, the willing wave

* The King of France offered a fleet, and an army of 30,000 men; King James refused this succour, under a supposition he should have no occasion for it.

Wafts

Wafts WILLIAM and his CONSORT o'er*
To govern Britain's sea-girt shore.
BRITAIN, who now successful fights
To gain her native BILL OF RIGHTS:
Whose independent sons disdain
To bend to JAMES the Second's reign.

The King in vain attempts by night
From Faversham an ill-judged flight;
Whence, by persuasion led to town,
He virtually yields the crown;
His second flight and abdication,
Seal the deliverance of the nation;
Nor explanation did he deign†
For closing JAMES the Second's reign.

* The Prince of Orange and suite had embarkad on the 19th of October, but were driven back by stress of weather. The Earl of Dartmouth, who commanded the King's fleet, made no opposition, and Lord Cranbury, son to the Earl of Clarendon, set an example in the Army, which was soon forward of declaring against King James. Prince George of Denmark, married to the King's Daughter; Lord Churchill, (afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough, the King's favorite); the Dukes of Ormond, Grafton, &c. &c. joined the Prince of Orange.

† He had desired to withdraw to Rochester, where he threw the great seal into the river, from whence he privately and suddenly embarked. Jefferies was taken, and escaped in female apparel from the enraged populace; who, however, according to Hume, discovered, and so abused him, that he died in consequence.

Saint

Saint Germains, hospitably kind,
Receives the man of feeble mind;
Britons with ardent zeal embrace
The royal pair who claim his place:
Nor, tho' without success essayed,
Have we for his re-entrance pray'd;
Incalculable ours the gain,
When JAMES the Second ceas'd to reign.

END OF PART THE TENTH.

ENGLAND.

PART THE ELEVENTH.

From the Revolution in 1688, *to the Accession of the House of Brunswick.*

CONTENTS.

William and Mary.—Battle of the Boyne.—Bill of Rights.—Queen Anne.—Victories of the Duke of Marlborough.—Whigs and Tories.—Union of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland.—Accession of the House of Brunswick.

HOUSES OF NASSAU AND STUART.

SUMMARY OF THE JOINT REIGN OF

WILLIAM III. AND MARY II.

WILLIAM of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was born A.D. 1650, in Holland; married in 1678, to MARY, Daughter of King James II.; she was born 1662; they were Crowned King and Queen of England, April 11th, 1689; Mary died of the small pox, December 28th, 1694; William, in consequence of a fall from his horse, March 8th, 1702, in the 52d year of his age, and 14th of his reign. They had no issue, and both were interred at Westminster.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS.

The Bill of Rights passed. King James lands in Ireland; lays siege to Londonderry. The Duke of Schomberg and King William land in Ireland. King James meets King William at the Boyne. Battle of the Boyne; Death of Duke Schomberg, and defeat of King James. The English Fleet defeated off Beachy Head, but victorious in the battle of La Hogue. Massacre of Glenco. Commencement of the National Debt. War with France. Battles of Steinkirk and Landen. Siege of Namur. Death of Queen Mary. Sir John Fenwick, and others, executed for being concerned in the Assassination Plot. Death of King James. Peace of Ryswic. Treaty for the Partition of the Spanish Dominions. War with France. Peter the Great, of Russia, works in England as a common Ship Carpenter.

EMINENT

Eminent Persons.

Sir Isaac Newton; John Locke; Archbishop Tillotson; Bishop Burnet; Duke Schomberg; General Schomberg, Son to the Duke; Montague, Earl of Halifax; Russell, Earl of Oxford; John, Lord Somers; Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, (Grandson to the Nobleman mentioned in a former Reign); Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; John, Lord Cutts; Admirals Russell, Lord Berkely, &c.

Cotemporary Soverigns.

Popes.

Alexander VIII. 1689. Innocent XII. 1691. Clement XI. 1700.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Leopold, 1658.
Of the Turks.—Solyman III. 1687, Achmet II. 1691. Mustapha II. 1595.

Kings.

Of France.—Louis XIV. 1643.
Of Spain.—Charles II. 1665. Philip V. 1700.
Of Portugal.—Pedro II. 1683.
Of Denmark.—Christian V. 1570.
Of Sweden.—Charles XI. 1660. Charles XII. 1697.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

" Triumphant NASSAU here we find,
" And with him bright MARIA join'd."

ADDISON.

" Britain her safety to your guidance owns,
" That she can sep'rate parricides from sons;
" That, impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,
" Her freedom kept by him who broke her chains."

PRIOR.

" ——————————— By turns they tell,
" And listen, each with emulous glory fir'd,
" How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
" How Providence o'er William's temples held,
" On Boyne's propitious banks, the heav'nly shield;
" How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confest,
" But trembled for the courage which she blest.
" Behold the soldier plead the monarch's right,
" Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight."

Vide PRIOR.

" How good she was, how gen'rous, how wise,
" How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes;
" When her great Lord to foreign wars was gone,
" And left his MARY here to rule alone,
" With how serene a brow, how void of fear,
" When storms arose, did she the vessel steer!
" And when the raging of the waves did cease,
" How gentle was her sway in times of peace:
" Like heav'n, she took no pleasure to destroy,
" With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy."

POMFRET.

Yet

" Yet fame shall stay and bend to WILLIAM's praise,
" Of him her thousand ears shall hear triumphant lays;
" Of him her tongues shall talk, on him her eyes shall gaze."
CONGREVE.

" To save Britannia to my darling son,
" Immortal Nassau came; I hush'd the deep
" By dæmons rous'd, and bade the listed wings
" Waft the deliverer to the shore;
" Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
" The surge of wild prerogative; to raise
" A mound restraining its imperious rage."
THOMSON.

A JOYOUS nation hail the royal pair!
He, brave as merciful, she, good as fair;
From ev'ry slavish apprehension freed,
No more OPINION fears in chains to bleed:
Nor, at the mercy of a legal brute,
Endure the thumbscrew or tormenting boot;*
To honest joys each patriot's harp is strung,
And thus some bard convivial might have sung,
Had he, like me, the inspiring air to chuse,
Which echoes the Anacreontic Muse
Of MORRIS, fittest wight on social earth,
With classic wreath to crown the hour of mirth;

* The Boot was an instrument of torture borrowed from the Continent.

Had

Had MORRIS wrote the song instead of me,
How devilish glad my bookseller would be!

AIR.

TO "ANACREON IN HEAVEN."

To WILLIAM in Belgia, far over the sea,
A few sons of Freedom preferr'd a petition,
That he their deliv'rer and sov'reign wou'd be;
When this answer arrived, without let or condition:
By your laws to abide,
Shall be my first pride,
While I lend you my name and my consort's beside,
With the Sham'rock, the Thistle, and Rose, to entwine
Sweet emblems of UNION round LIBERTY's shrine.

The news over Albion immediately flew,
When Judge JEFFERIES pretended to give himself airs;
If those traitors are suffered their scheme to pursue,
Myself and some more may sneak down the back stairs.

No longer fierce KIRK
Can proceed with his work,
To shoot, stab, and strangle folks, just like a Turk,
If WILLIAM and MARY are suffered to twine
The emblems of UNION round LIBERTY'S shrine.

If Roman nos'd BILLY once strikes up his drum
We must sound a retreat in return, I'm afraid;
Each brow-beating Big Wig, like me, must be dumb,
And pack'd Juries pack off in defection of trade.
But tho' we withdraw,
Yet Mister NASSAU
May dread the whole force of an Action at Law;
Prerogative's vengeance shall teach him to twine
His emblems of UNION round LIBERTY'S shrine.

Bishop BURNET got up, to his liturgy true,
And vow'd with King WILLIAM he'd cheerfully join;
Too long, said the Prelate, a bigotted crew
Have ruled, to Old England's disaster and mine.*

NASSAU

* The system of assassination was a very favorite one in James's Reign. Bishop Burnet, if the Author of this Rhyming History

NASSAU who delights
In peace, tho' he fights,
Will redress our sad wrongs with a good BILL OF RIGHTS;
With the Laurel, the Olive, and Myrtle he'll twine
The emblems of UNION round LIBERTY'S shrine.

History understands his principles from reading his Memoirs of his times, seems to have acted with manly and pious sincerity with respect to his religious tenets; for which, although he left a country, where he refused dishonorable preferment, with the King's permission, he was legally, or rather illegally proceeded against. And when the States of Holland, where he married and was naturalized, refused to give him up, his life was threatened, and agents employed to take it; of which, among other friendly and authentic notices, he received the following, from Captain Barter, a gentleman of unquestioned honor and reputation, whose father was at that time Steward to the Duke of Ormond:

Hague, 14th March, 1688.

"Dear Sir,

"Though I have no acquaintance with you, yet the esteem I have for your character, and the benefit I have received by your works, obliges me to tell you the proceedings against you in England. I happened the other day to go into the Secretary's Office, where I saw an order for three thousand pounds, to be paid the person that shall destroy you. I could hardly believe my eyes that I saw the paper, it seemed so strange to me. This I communicated in private to my Lord Ossory, who told me it was true, for he had it from Prince George. My Lord desired me to be private in the thing 'till I came to Holland, and then, if I pleased, to tell you of it: Sir, I am your friend, and my advice to you is, to take an especial care of yourself, for no doubt but that great sum will meet with a mercenary hand. Sir, you shall never want a friend where I am."

Then JEFFERIES be silent, for faith you had need,
Since you and your colleagues committed those crimes
Which sullied your master, caused thousands to bleed,
And call'd for an ORANGE to cool those hot times;
Like his mind we suppose,
His Majesty's nose
Truly Roman, his creed tho' is *tout antre chose*,
As you'll find when he gloriously comes to entwine
The emblems of UNION with LIBERTY'S shrine.

One fifth of November, a gunpowder plot
Went off 'ere its sting it had pow'r to display;
Our fifth of November will ne'er be forgot,
When freedom her ensign unfurl'd in Torbay;
"*Nolumus mutari*,"
Our laws ne'er shall vary,
Cried Britons, when welcoming WILLIAM and MARY,
Who landed the Olive and Myrtle to twine,
With emblems of UNION round LIBERTY'S shrine.

Then

Then ne'er may the fruit of that landing be lost,
And long may Britannia with gratitude own,
The views of her enemies ne'er were so crost,
As when WILLIAM and MARY ascended the throne.
May the throne long endure,
And it's virtues ensure
That union which only these realms can secure,
While the Sham'rock, the Rose, and the Thistle, entwine,
Peace, Commerce, and Plenty, round LIBERTY's shrine.

Aided by France, the self-expelling King
Seeks Ireland with a well appointed host;
And fulminating proclamations ring,
With mingled clang of arms round Erin's coast.

Towns* won and lost precede the eventful day,
When WILLIAM, leaving to his Consort's care
Which well she husbanded, the regal sway,
Hastens the perils of the war to share.

* Kilmore, Coleraine, Inniskilling, Londonderry, &c. &c. were besieged by one or both parties, and desperately contested

The

The crown'd opponents meeting either side,
With cautious tactic for the fight provide;
Here BERWICK's Duke on JAMES's quarry stands,
TYRCONNEL there leads bold Hibernian bands;
And HAMILTON, whose bearing more were prized,
But that his honor, falsely compromised,
Was pledged for WILLIAM with the foe to treat,
While friendship's sacred garb concealed deceit,*
LAUZAN and HOCQUENCOURT, in proud array,
Their Gallic and Helvetian ranks display;
A chosen squadron cautious JAMES protects,
Who from a distant hill the war directs.
Opposing, see brave WILLIAM's banner fly,
In all the hope of coming victory;
NASSAU beneath, from rank to rank imparts
The fire of valour to his soldiers hearts.

* General Hamilton had been accredited from King William to make proposals to the Earl of Tyrconnel; he betrayed his trust, and joined him. He behaved most gallantly in the field, and was wounded. When taken prisoner, and brought before the King, he was asked whether he thought the Irish would make any further resistance; he answered, "Upon my honor I believe they will, for they have still a good body of horse." William, eying him significantly, replied, "Your honor! Your honor!" and turned away. He afterwards ordered his wounds to be taken care of.

BURNET, FIELD OF MARS, &c.

NASSAU

NASSAU who on that day's impatient eve
Such mark'd escape from slaughter found,*
That foes, who what they wish believe,
And France (her subjects to deceive,)
With gay illumination blazing round,
And cannons far proclaiming sound,
Gave note of what had not yet taken place:
Nor yet reformed th' equivocating race!
When WELLINGTON her titled marshals bleeds,
Their court gazettes describe what's done
In terms reversed, and chronicle great deeds,
Not of the victors, but of those who run.

Close to the hero SCHOMBERG's† son and sire
With warmth their own each patriot breast inspire;
Here

* William had part of his clothes, and the flesh of his shoulder, carried away the night before the battle, while in a reconnoisance. This was observed on the opposite side of the river by James's Army; the death of William proclaimed with loud shouts; the news sent off to France; and Paris was actually illuminated on the occasion.

FIELD OF MARS, &c.

† Duke Schomberg, when General Hamilton, at the front of King James, had nearly routed a wing of King William's army, put himself at the head of a corps of French Protestants; and, pointing to the enemy, said, "Gentlemen, these are your persecutors." He then led them with an impetuosity which turned the fortune

Here GEORGE, of Denmark, grasps a British lance,
There gallant ORMOND's fearless lads advance;
They met, and BOYNE's discolour'd wave
Of many a bleeding corse becomes the grave.
Little delights the Muse to dwell,
With circumstance, on how they fell;
Nor wields she a terrific pen,
Each cloven helm to cleave again;
Nor owns her wing such rapid flight,
As wheel with whirl of faulchion bright;
Nor in their lightning path she traces
Death's leaden envoys to their places;
Suffice to say that WILLIAM won the field,
Suffice to say that JAMES, compell'd to yield,
To shelt'ring Gaul renews his rapid flight
And abdicates a second time his right.
A pause you'll kindly grant us here,
While SCHOMBERG's memory claims a tear;
Modest in council, dreadful in affray,
His death had almost given JAMES the day.

fortune of the day in that quarter, though himself slain in the contest. His death was the more lamented, as he had parted from the Council of War rather hurt at the rejection of his advice with respect to the disposition of the field, in points where he was afterwards judged to have been correct.

To

To DUDLEY's offspring SCHOMBERG ow'd his birth,*
And well he proved his demi-British worth,
Princely his rank, intrepid, skilful, bold,
In age a youth, in sage experience old;
With him five hundred ting'd the reddening flood;
For JAMES near thrice that number shed their blood!
LOUIS, pretending to assist King JAMES,
Lights up of civil wars again the flames;
Fruitless his efforts, WILLIAM's star presides,
And each attempt against his crown derides.
When England in her turn the war declares,
For foreign scenes of strife the King prepares;
Plots, still detected, would his life assail,
By worthless means fore-doom'd by fate to fail.
Frequent campaigns the hero's worth proclaim,
Britain and Belgia echo with his name,
And France reluctantly admits his fame.
Yet fortune unalloy'd is not decreed,
Man can, on earth, but partially succeed;

* He was descended of a noble family in the Palatinate, his mother was an English woman, daughter of Lord Dudley; he had served in Holland, England, France, Portugal, and Brandenburgh; he obtained the dignities of Mareschal in France, Grandee in Portugal, Generalissimo in Prussia, and Duke in England.

Amid

Amid great WILLIAM's struggles for renown
His MARY gains an everlasting crown:
Beam'd not the flatterers tear in Britain's eye,
When Heaven's fiat doom'd the Queen to die.*
Genuine the sorrow felt by high and low,
Most genuine his who keenest felt the blow;
Call'd to the field again by Gallic foes,
In war the widow'd King beguiled his woes.
Namur, impregnable esteem'd 'till now,
Before the British standard deigns to bow;
More plots detected, their projector shames,
And history blushes to suppose King JAMES,
Who threats another trial of his right,
Almost—embarks—and then declines it quite!
France sues; NASSAU from his paternal seat,
At BERWICK arbitrates the peace they greet;
France, faithless to her treaties, seizes Spain,
A trick of late she tried, but tried in vain;
The gauntlet iron war accepts again,
Waves his red plume and joyous seeks the plain!

* December 28th, 1694, of the small-pox. Solid piety, uncommon goodness, great sweetness of temper, majesty, an air of grandeur untinctured with pride or affectation, and the sincerest affection for her husband, are said to have characterised thi excellent Princess.

When

When chance, or Heaven's high will for ends unknown,
Robs of a brilliant jewel England's throne;
Unites in realms above the royal pair,
For Kings, who bless mankind, find certain blessing there.

HOUSE OF STUART.

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

ANNE.

Anne Stuart, second Daughter of King James II. was born in London, February 6th, 1664. Married July 28th, 1683, to George, Prince of Denmark. Died, without issue, August 1st, 1714. Buried at Westminster.

Principal Events.

The Union of England and Scotland, by the style and title of Great Britain. The Queen governed by her favorite, the Duchess of Marlborough. The Duke appointed Commander in Chief; is victorious at Blenheim, Ramillies, Ondenarde, Malplaquet, &c. &c. Great successes in Spain: the English take possession of Madrid; Gibraltar surrenders. The English defeated at the Battle of Almanza. The Marlborough Administration supposed to be ruined by their prosecution of Dr. Sacheverel. Violent party spirit of the Whigs and Tories, Disgrace of the Great Duke of Marlborough. Peace of Utrecht.

Eminent Persons.

Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; Lord Bolingbroke; Sir William Temple; Boyle, Earl of Orrery; Swift; Sydney, Earl of Godolphin; Harley, Earl of Oxford; Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough; Howard, Earl of Suffolk; D. Finch, Earl of Nottingham; G. Grenville, Lord Lansdowne; Philip, Duke of Wharton; R. Lord Raymond; Lord Chancellor King; T. Lord Paget; Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

COTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

Pope.

Clement XI. 1700.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Leopold, 1658. Joseph I 1705. Charles VI. 1711.
Of the Turks.—Mustapha II. 1695. Achmet III. 1703.

Kings.

Of France.—Louis XIV. 1643.
Of Spain.—Philip V. 1700.
Of Portugal.—Pedro II. 1683. John V. 1707.
Of Denmark.—Frederic IV. 1699.
Of Sweden.—Charles XII 1697.
Of Prussia.—Frederick I. 1701.*

* Prussia was this year raised from a Dukedom to a Kingdom.—Frederick, in an assembly of the States of the Empire, and by the Emperor's consent, placed a Crown on his own head, and was afterwards acknowledged King of Prussia by all the other Potentates of Europe.

ANNE.

" Henceforth, she said, in each returning year,
" One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear;
" The Thistle's lasting grace, thou, O my Rose, shall be,
" The warlike Thistle's arm a sure defence to thee."

ROWE.

" Great ANNA claims the song, no brighter name
" Adorns the list of never-dying fame;
" No fairer soul was ever form'd above;
" None e'er was more the grateful nation's love,
" Nor lov'd the nation more."

PARNELL.

" Ye active streams! where'er your waters flow,
" Let distant climes and furthest nations know
" What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught
" How ANNE commanded, and how MARLBRO' fought."

PRIOR.

" Next to the Thunderer let ANNA stand,
" In piety supreme as in command;
" Famed for victorious arms and generous aid,
" Young Austria's refuge, and fierce Bourbon's dread.

LANSDOWN.

" A LADY lived in former days,
" That well deserv'd the utmost praise;
" For greatness, birth, and justice famed,
" And every virtue could be named."

So

So of the QUEEN sung Doctor KING,
And thus on many a lyric wing
Her praises soar; while, to speak her due,
Who most commended, said most true.

King WILLIAM's plan of continental war,
The Queen and Commons, after stout debate,
Resolve to second; hence that blazing star,
Ruling of each campaign the fate,
Bright MARLBRO' rose, whose very name
Half won the day where'er it came;
Victorious still his banners flew,
And on his helm spontaneous laurels grew;
Imperial sov'reigns woo'd his worth,
And graced the chief of British birth
With principality; while CHURCHILL's brow
By ANNE with ducal circle bound,
Bade Envy's self submissive bow,
And hail desert with genuine honor crown'd.
At Donawert and Ramilies
He thrash'd the French with skill and ease;
At Oud'nard and Malplaquet beat 'em,
At Blenheim bravely did defeat 'em,
And in each place he chanced to meet 'em.

Or

Or MILDENHEIM or MARLBRO' call'd,
His presence still the foe appal'd,
While grateful friends shall long revere,
CHURCHILL to patriot memory dear.
So in our days, RODRIGO's chief,
Ordain'd for sinking Spain's relief,
For Britain's joy and Erin's fame,
Born to acquire a MARLBRO's name;
Or by IBERIAN Dukedom praised,
Or LUSITANIAN honors raised;
Great TORRES VEDRAS thy paternal throne,
Attaches honor to *thy* name alone,
And proudly calls a WELLINGTON it's own!

"Come gi's a sang, the lady cried,
"And lay aw' yer disputes aside:
"What nonsense 'tis for folk to chide,
"For what's been done before 'em,
"Let WHIG and TORY* aye agree,"
But WHIG and TORY, friends, d'ye see,
Wou'd *not* agree, and fierce began
Their quarrels in the reign of ANNE,

* Scotch Ballad.

Tho'

Tho' of their origin we have some doubts,
They surely were a sort of Ins and Outs;
(Whate'er their designations may denote,
Remember, reader, I'm no party minion).
Tories for strict episcopacy vote,
The Whigs for greater freedom of opinion:
And it was said, in prose, by Doctor Swift,
(Who had been known to give each side a lift,)
Of Church and State who dearest deems
Should carefully avoid extremes;
Nor, for the former's sake, engage
With Whiggish violence or rage;
Nor less, for State's well-founded glory,
Avoid the overweening Tory.

Whether they right or wrong have been
Their party jars perplexed the Queen;
Who still most equitably tried
An honest course 'twixt either side.
North and South Britain now become one land,
And Union join each Scotch and English hand.
Hail Caledonia! sister true,
Long may thine Abercrombies, good as brave,
Long may thy Duncans teach that foe to sue
Who envious of Erin, us, and you,

Dispute our triple right to rule the wave.
France tries, without effect, the war to bring
To Albion's guarded shores; the gallant BYNG*
Puts the Pretender's fleet to rapid flight,
And JAMES the THIRD deserts his self-named right.

Mourn'd, lov'd, esteem'd, the "royal Dane,"†
Our sov'reign's consort, pays great nature's debt,
The heaviest sorrow of a well-spent reign,
Was ANNE's keen, unaffected, deep regret.

Now sateless war, with fire terrific, rages;
And GUISCARD, now, a Gallic wight, engages
To snatch by dire assasination
Great HARLEY's life; due execration
Attends his well-prevented plan,
And, victim of his treason, falls the man.
Anxious that Discord's voice should cease,
The Queen attends to proffer'd peace;
CHURCHILL dissents, and, strange to say,
Stripp'd of his honours in a day,

* Sir George Byng. † George, Prince of Denmark.

Th'

Th' unconquer'd, conquering foe of France;
His country's glory, and her friend,
Beholds adversity, with years advance,
And, strangely doom'd to fade away
With most unmerited neglect,
By those deserted he could once protect,
In imbecility awaits his end!

Peace, sign'd at Utrecht, gives the nation rest,
And peace we idlers always think is best;
Anne's ministers, to their disgrace,
With ill-bred warmth, before her face,
Assail each other.—Pens of old
Say, grief that parties shou'd prevail;
'Ere yet her years were fully told,
Shorten'd her being, and, of course, my tale.
Two sons, four daughters, prematurely died;
And Brunswick's Line our hope and pride,
(Long may it flourish good and great!)
Succeeded to the vacant state.
No reign than Anne's in war more justly crown'd,
No reign for learning justly more renown'd;
Elizabeth, a Shakespeare own'd:
Charles could a Milton boast;
But Anne saw Newton high enthroned,
Amid the heavenly host!

ANNE, who with reason had been vain,
Had NEWTON *only* graced her reign:
But names like BURNETT, TILLOSTON,
With ATTERBURY, CLARENDON,
SWIFT, ADDISON, and BOLINGBROKE,
With BOYLE, might envy well provoke.
And tho' succeeding monarchs knew
Their worth, yet at this time they grew,
Nurtured by freedom as by taste,
While, no less vigorous than chaste,
Each Muse finds ev'ry succeeding age
Proud to admire and imitate her page!

END OF PART THE ELEVENTH.

ENGLAND.

PART THE TWELFTH.

From the Accession of the House of Brunswick, to the Regency of the Prince of Wales in 1812.

CONTENTS.

George I.—*Attempts in favour of the Pretender.—Septennial Parliaments.—South Sea Bubble, &c.—George* II.—*Plan for a general Excise.—Battle of Culloden.—Death of Admiral Byng.—Pitt Administration.—Victories of Clive, Hawke, Boscawen, &c.—George* III.—*Independence of America.—French Revolution.—Glorious successes of the Navy, and of our Armies in Egypt, Sicily, Spain, &c.—Party disputes.—Regency of the Prince of Wales.—Chronological Table.*

HOUSE

HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

GEORGE THE FIRST.

George Lewis, Elector of Hanover, eldest Son of Ernest Augustus, first Duke and afterwards Elector, of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick Lunenburgh, (by Princess Sophia, Daughter of Frederick V. Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, and Elizabeth, eldest Daughter of King James I.) was born May 28th, 1660, at Hanover, succeeded his father in the Electorate in 1698, was crowned King of Great Britain, October 20th, 1714. Married Sophia Dorothea, Daughter and Heiress of the Duke of Zell, by whom he had issue, George, who succeeded him, and one Daughter, Mother to Frederick III. King of Prussia. The Princess of Zell died in confinement at the Castle of Ahlen, in Brunswick Lunenburgh. The King died on the Continent, June 11th, 1727, in the 68th Year of his age, and Thirteenth of his Reign; he had been suddenly seized with a lethargic disorder the day before, while travelling in his coach, and, reclining on a Gentleman, said, "*C'en est fait de moi*"—"It is all over with me." He arrived that night at the Palace of his Brother, the Duke of York, at Osnaburgh, and expired next morning.—His body, wrapped in lead, was privately interred among the remains of his ancestors.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS.

Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Ormond, impeached. Rebellion in Scotland in favor of the Stuarts. An Act passed for Septennial

tennial Parliaments. The South-Sea project, by which many thousand families are ruined. Layers' Plot. Bishop Atterbury banished. War in Sicily, and at Gibraltar. Miscarriage of Admiral Roper.

EMINENT PERSONS.

Sir William Windham; Sir Robert Walpole; William Pultency; Francis, Bishop Atterbury; John Lord Hervey; John Perceval, Earl of Egmont, &c. &c.

COTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

Popes.

Clement XI. 1700. Innocent XIII. 1721. Benedict XIII. 1724.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Charles VI. 1711.

Of the Turks.—Achmet III. 1703.

Of Russia.—Peter the Great, first Emperor.*

Empress of Russia.—Catherine I. 1725.

Kings.

Of France.—Louis XIV. 1643. Louis XV. 1715.

Of Spain.—Philip V. 1700.

Of Portugal.—John V. 1707.

Of Denmark.—Frederick IV. 1699.

King and Queen of Sweden.—Charles XII. 1697. Ulrica Leonora, 1718.

King of Prussia.—Frederick II. 1713.

* The foundation of the extensive Empire of Russia was laid by the valour and policy of Peter, who took the title of Emperor this year, and was recognized by all the powers of Europe in 1725.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

" Thrice happy are Britannia's bounded Kings,
" What tho' not theirs the boast in dungeon glooms
" To plunge bold freedom; to control the laws,
" And make injurious will their only rule?
" To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
" The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye,
" Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
" Bless human-kind, and through the downward depth
" Of future times to spread that better sun
" Which lights up British souls."

THOMSON.

SUCH splendor as an isle like ours,
In trust deputing sov'reign pow'rs;
Cou'd give to grace a royal day,
And welcome BRUNSWICK's equal sway;
Hail'd GEORGE's entrance to a land,
Whose people met him heart and hand. 1714.

The Whigs in Parliament prevail,
And with impeachments arm assail
OXFORD and BOLINGBROKE, nor spare 1715.
ORMOND and STAFFORD;—next declare
The HABEAS CORPUS Barrier suspended,
On grounds of mischief to the state intended.

More

More nobles are disgraced, and such
Our fears, that succour from the Dutch
Are ask'd in haste.—While JAMES's son,
(Who to his interest had won
MAR,* FOSTER, and a list who stood
In high degree of northern blood,)
In Scotland lands with aid from France,
Attended by a warlike train,
With checquer'd fortune, who advance
Mid wars alternate frown and smile,
Which cheers or sinks them, 'till ARGYLE
Sends baffled JAMES to Paris back again.† 1716.

Prior to this, at Preston town,
Victorious, GEORGE's colours fly;
And FOSTER's chiefs their arms lay down,‡
Trusting to royal clemency.

Yet

* The Earl of Mar had been Secretary of State; had taken the oath to King George, and signed the proclamation, declaring him to be his lawful Sovereign; but, on some disgust, retired to the Highlands, where he was met by the Marquises of Huntley and Tullibardine, the Earls of Nithisdale, Marischal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, and Seaforth, who raised 6000 men, and proclaimed James VIII.

† He had been proclaimed, called a council, fixed the day of his coronation, and assumed other acts of royalty.

‡ The Earls of Derwentwater, Widdrington, and Mr. Foster, proclaimed James Stuart at Morpeth, Hexham, &c. and at length

Yet 'ere the Prince, so styled, retired,
His highlanders, by warm attachment fired,
With target round and broad claymore,
At Sheriffmuir * wrought muckle pain,
To lads who ne'er had seen the like before,
Nor ever wish'd to see the like again !

Septennial Parliaments this year,
First sanctioned by the law appear.
A lunatic attempt assails
The safety of the Prince of Wales ;
But, to the joy of Britain, fails.†

at Preston, where they were attacked by Generals Wills and Carpenter, to whom 1400 of them, including General Foster, Lords Derwentwater, Nithisdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Widdrington, Kenmure, with 143 other Scotch Noblemen and Gentlemen, and 75 English Gentlemen, surrendered. Forster and some others afterwards escaped, particularly Lord Nithisdale. Many were executed and transported, but the major part received the benefit of an Act of Grace.

* November the 13th, the very day of the surrender at Preston, the right of the Duke of Argyle's army had routed the left of the Highlanders, when the right charged the Duke's left wing so furiously, that they came close to the muzzles of our soldier's musquets, and, warding off the bayonets with their targets, so used their broadswords that they made dreadful slaughter of the King's forces.

† At Drury-Lane Theatre, Freeman was the name of an unfortunate man whose pistol, supposed to be aimed at the Prince, wounded one of the Guards in the shoulder.

The

The iron KING of SWEDEN, vext
Bremen and Verden had been bought
Of Danes, who won them of him, thought
(Furnish'd by this unsound pretext,)
To work our island wondrous harm,
And in King JAMES's cause to arm;
But all his menaces were vain,
Measures so very prompt were ta'en:
That he, thro' ORLEAN's mediation,
Sought timely reconciliation.

About a measure of supplies,*
'Twixt Parliament and King arise
Dissensions warm; and these scarce done,
When 'twixt the royal sire and son,
Some unexplain'd domestic jar,†
Ends in a sort of party war.

* Occasioned by His Majesty's asking money, to conclude alliances, without informing his parliament of the particulars.

† The King appointed the Duke of Newcastle to stand Godfather with him to the Prince of Wales's infant son; which much displeased the Prince, who was ordered to leave St. James's, and retired to Leicester-House: thus there were two Courts, and the partizans of each were denied access to the other. His Majesty never afterwards, on visiting his foreign dominions, entrusted the Government to the Prince, but always left a Regency. The infant mentioned died soon after its baptism.

Germany,

Germany, Britain, Holland form
With France a QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE;
'Gainst which, regardless of a coming storm,
IBERIA hurls a bold defiance;
'Till BYNG* by signal grand defeat,
Nearly annihilates her Fleet.
Another landing in the north is tried,
Supported by the help of Spain;
But soon is quell'd, and Spanish pride 1719.
Is glad the Peace, late spurn'd at, to obtain.

The South Sea Bubble now appears, 1720.
Which caused some smiles, some countless tears:
And set half Europe by the ears!

Lord MACCLESFIELD on accusation,
Of most unseemly peculation;
Tried by his Peers, and guilty found,
Is fined in thirty thousand pound!†

* July 31st, near Messina, Sir George Byng signally and gloriously defeated the Spanish Fleet.

† I hope the Poetic Licence will excuse the insertion of *pound* for pounds.

The

1726.

The Sweed, the hardy Russian and the Dane
Own our ascendant o'er the subject main:
Which WAGER, HOSIER, JENNINGS, still maintain.

Gibraltar's siege promotes our martial pride,
Yet Fortune seldom proves entirely kind;
For, 'ere the year expired, great NEWTON died,
Who, certes, hath not left his like behind.

Next, Death, the awful visitant who spares
Nor high nor low, released from regal cares 1727.
And earthly pain, (the Muse is proud to sing),
An honest minded man in England's King;
A man who ne'er cou'd condescend
To fear a foe, or leave a friend;
Not only friends but enemies will own,
That, LIKE A KING, he fill'd Britannia's throne.

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

GEORGE THE SECOND.

Born, October 30th, 1683. Created Prince of Wales, October 4th, 1714. Crowned, October 11th, 1727. Married, Wilhelmina Carolina Dorothea, of Brandenburgh Anspach. Had issue, FREDERICK LEWIS, Prince of Wales, born January 20th, 1706; arrived in England, December, 1729; married Augusta, Princess of Saxe Gotha, April 27th, 1736; forbidden the Court the year following; died, March 20th, 1751, aged 44; having had issue, Augusta, born August 11th, 1737, (the present Duchess of Brunswick); George Augustus, (his present Majesty); Edward Augustus, born March 25th, 1759—died, Duke of York, September 17th, 1769; Eliza Caroline, born January 10th, 1740, died, Sept. 1759; William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, died August 18th, 1805; Henry Frederick, late Duke of Cumberland, died, September 18th, 1790; Louisa Anne, born May 29th, 1748, died, May 21st, 1768; Frederick William, born May 24th, 1750, died, May 10th, 1765; Caroline Matilda, born July 22d, 1751; died Queen of Denmark, 1755. George II. reigned 33 years and a half. Died, October 25th, 1760; buried at Westminster. His Princess died of a consumption, February 8th, 1772, aged 52.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS.

Scheme for a general Excise. War with Spain. Admiral Vernon takes Porto Bello, and fails at Carthagena. Victory at Dettingen. Defeat at Fontenoy. Rebellion in Scotland. Battle of Culloden. Peace of Aix la Chapelle. War. Admiral Byng shot. The first Pitt Administration. Victories of Lord Clive, in the East Indies. Victory at Minden. Victories of Admirals Hawke and Boscawen. Conquest of Quebec.

EMINENT

Eminent Persons.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; Alexander Pope; John Lord Carterret; Philip, Earl of Hardwick; Henry Pelham; H. Lord Hyde, and Cornbury; Horatio Lord Walpole; George Booth, Earl of Warrington; J. Hamilton, Earl of Abercorn, &c. &c.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Pope.

Benedict XIII. 1724. Clement XII. 1738. Benedict XIV. 1740. Clement XIII. 1758.

Emperors and Empresses.

Of Germany.—Charles VI 1711. Charles VII. 1740. Francis Stephen, 1745.

Of the Turks.—Achmet III. 1703. Mahomet V. 1730. Osman II. 1754. Mustapha III. 1757.

Of Russia.—Peter II. 1727. Ann, 1730. John, 1740. Elizabeth, 1741.

Kings.

Of France.—Louis XV. 1715.

Of Spain.—Philip V. (restored) 1724. Ferdinand VI. 1745. Charles III. 1759.

Of Portugal.—John V. 1707. Joseph, 1750.

Of Denmark.—Frederic IV. 1699. Christian VI. 1730. Frederic, 1746.

Of Sweden.—Frederic, 1720. Adolphus, 1750

Of Prussia.—Frederic II. 1713. Frederic III. 1740.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

" The royal sire, to realms of bliss removed,
" (Like the famed phœnix,) from his pyre shall spring
" Successive Georges, gracious and beloved,
" And good and glorious as the parent King."
CUNNINGHAM.

ANOTHER Brunswick fills the regal chair, 1727.
And vows to make Britannia's weal his care;*
Gibraltar's siege, some hopes of peace with Spain,
And change of Ministry commence this reign.
ONSLOW is chosen Speaker, and maintain'd 1728.
For three and thirty years the post he gain'd;
WINDHAM and PULTNEYS, figure in debate,
Against imputed errors of the state;
Yet WALPOLE's friends around their patron fly,
And grant the King four millions of supply.
PARMA invites the monarch we disown,
And yields him honours due to England's throne;
Our sov'reign's brother, ERNEST, yields his breath.

* His Majesty, in council, declared he would maintain the religion, laws, and liberties of this realm; as also the alliances entered into by the late King; and his first speech from the throne evinced that his plan with regard to foreign affairs did not vary from that of his late royal sire.

And

And German Protestants bewail his death; 1729.
Our Sov'reign's son resigns his native land,
And finds a home on Britain's willing strand.
Oppressive Spain our indignation rouses,
Which Parliament proclaims in both its houses;
The civil list, a Bill prepared to meet
Abuses in the prison of the Fleet,
With other needed salutary laws,
Obtain the Parliament deserved applause.
And, ere the session makes its final close,
The King abroad on special purpose goes;

1730.

Some discord to compose, which chanced to spring
'Twixt Hanoverian States and Prussia's King.
A Spanish peace, the salt tax set aside,
Our Eastern merchants charter'd rights renew'd;
Land tax redeem'd, and Acts meant to provide
That pension'd members should no more intrude
Were framed: but interested elves, no doubt,
Contrived to kick the wholsome embrio out.

1731.

Now pamphlet scribblers, with determined rage,
The war of party 'gainst each party wage;

The CRAFTSMAN flourish'd under PULT'NEY's eye,
Nor BOLINGBROKE disdain'd its page supply.*
Law processes, which heretofore appear
In Latin, take an English form this year;
VIENNA's treaty bids dissention cease,
And Continental Europe rests in peace. 1732.

A standing army next as it should seem,
In either senate form'd a fruitful theme;
SUTTON and GRANT for peculation base,
Incur severe and well deserv'd disgrace;†
While BIRCH and BOND the list of crime who swell'd,
Were by the Commons, properly, expell'd.

That famous measure ministers advise, 1733.
Which met with long resistance,—the EXCISE;

* The Craftsman was a celebrated periodical paper, patronised by Mr. W. Pulteney, and often written for by Lord Bolingbroke.

* Sir Archibald Sutton and Sir Robert Grant were expelled for iniquitous proceedings in the affairs of the "Charitable Corporation;" a public company which lent money on pledges. Mr. Serjeant Birch, and Dennis Bond, Esq. were disgraced for fraud, in disposing of Lord Derwentwater's forfeited estate.

And

And WALPOLE, who the people's anger braved,
By CUNNINGHAM was from their fury saved.*
A change of State Directors now we find, 1734.
And CHESTERFIELD with other chiefs resign'd.
Now sports and gay festivities began
To grace the nuptials of our Princess ANNE,
The Prince of ORANGE and the wedded fair,
Regretted, to Batavia repair.†
On closing Parliament, the royal speech
Was form'd the best of theories to teach;
Long may such doctrine grace Britannia's throne,
And flourish not in theory alone:
So shall we all proclaim with union's voice,
"The throne we honor is the people's choice!‡"

Some

* Sir Robert, on his way to the House, was so much insulted, that had not Mr. Cunningham, a Scotch Member, drawn his sword and dispersed the leaders of the mob, the consequence might have been fatal.

† On this occasion, when every public occurrence formed the subject of a street ballad, the following elegant lines were sung through the metropolis:—

"What's a rhyme for Porringer?
"What's a rhyme for Porringer?
"The King cou'd spare
"A daughter fair,
"And he gave the Prince of Orange her!"

‡ On the 10th of April an end was put to the sessions by a most pathetic speech, in which are these remarkable words: "May there be no distinction but such as mean the support of our

" Some criminals now underwent
" Inoculation,
" Which happ'ly answer'd the intent
" Of preservation !
" And mothers thought it now their duty
" To save their childrens lives and beauty."*

The King appears, what office can be greater?
In that 'twixt angry states of mediator; 1735.
Russia and Denmark, both of trade and peace,
Sign treaties with us.—Yet we much increase
Our naval force, as needful to maintain
An equipoise of pow'r with France and Spain;
The King his German states re-visits, while
His consort mildly governs Britain's isle.
This year, when Parliament had met, 1736.
They overhaul'd the public debt;†

present happy Constitution in Church and State, and such as wish to subvert both: this is the only distinction that ought to prevail in this country, where the intetest of the king and people is one andthe same, and where they cannot subsist but by being so."

* *Vide* a comic poem called the last dying words of the 18th century; other authorities place the introduction of innoculation in 1721.

† Which then was thought a great evil, amounting to the sum of £47.928,258...3s...5¾d.; the author does not know its amount now to so exact a calculation, but fears the evil is not much lessened.

And

And talk'd of means by which to pay it,
But, sorry is the Muse to say it,
No one has hit upon a method yet.
Yet rashly let us not conclude,
But hope (of hoping I'm a sanguine lover,)
To pay it off, as also to discover
Decrease of taxes and the longitude.

Fred'rick, of Wales, a foreign bride espouses,
Closer uniting our's with German houses;*
In Edinburgh, we tell with pain, 1737.
By lawless hands was Porteous slain;†
And, proof of the caprice of fate,
To men of high or low estate,
Corsican Theodore descends
From regal rank, and, canopied, 'tis said,
By humble semi-tester of his bed,‡

* April 27th, His Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales married Augusta, sister to the Duke of Saxe Gotha.

† Porteous, Captain of the City Guard, having commanded his men to fire on the mob at a riot, occasioned by the execution of one Wilson, a smuggler, was himself dragged from prison, and hanged by the populace.

‡ Theodore retained so much attachment to regal form and ceremony, that when the amount of a subscription for his support was presented to him, he received the donors with his hat on, while seated under the half-tester of a wretched bed, which served for a throne and canopy.

His

His life, in London, most obscurely ends;
Nor yet exempt from Death's unerring aim
Are crowns more fortunate.—With spotless fame,
By genuine grief attended to the tomb,
Good CAROLINE partakes our common doom.

"Now COVENT GARDEN Playhouse rose,*
"To *Lincoln's Inn* an eye-sore!
"Tho' no *Processions* then, nor *Shows*,
"Nor *Elephants* from *Mysore!*
"The building then gave much delight,
"Tho' not intended all for *sight!*
"For in these times, as writers say,
"They went to *hear* not *see* a Play."

Disputes between our Court and Spain, 1738.
Give cause for fearing war again;
'Till the two States, for strifes prevention,
Patch up a much disliked convention.
But Discontent, avaunt! this glorious year,
In garb of gayest triumph shou'd appear;
And Fortune's brightest smile shou'd grace the morn,

* Last dying words of the eighteenth century.

When

When a THIRD GEORGE, our Parent King was
born!
Born for each virtue, piety wou'd preach,
Or practice prove, or good example teach;
Born for his people, dearly honor'd yet
With their best love and most sincere regret.
Oh! may it's source admit of quick relief,
And prove, tho' poignant, not a cureless grief;
A grief 'tis our's submissively to feel,
And bless the hand which only wounds to heal!

Of Spain dissatisfied once more we tell,
On England's triumphs too the Muse might dwell,
And sing how VERNON* fought, and PORTO BELLO fell;
And more of gallant deeds wou'd she presume
To tell, but that she's rather pinch'd for room.
One stately dome for civic pomp and joy,
And one to shield the orphan girl or boy,
Who, early doom'd adversity to know,
Finds shelter for "the houseless child of woe;"

* Admiral Vernon took Porto Bello with only six ships of the line. Admiral Hadde[illegible] also took a Spanish Register ship, worth £120,000.

Majestic

Majestic rise, and rising add new fame
To London's beauty and each founder's name.*

Now frost-bound Thames "a curious scene discloses,
On it they roast an ox, and toast their noses.

To Germany was Princess MARY carried, 1740.
By FREDERICK, of Hesse:
But, reader, you may guess
The lady didn't go 'till she was married.
Now war lights up a flame again,
'Twixt England, Holland, France, and Spain;
Our enemies in angry mood averr'd,
England should be invaded;
England declared she wou'dn't;
And, as I've heard,
She kept her word,
As for her foes, 'twas more than they did,
Because—they cou'dn't!

1741.
Yet was the war in Parliament much blamed,
And civil discord furiously flamed

* Micajah Perry, Esq. the then Lord Mayor, laid the first stone of the Mansion House; and the Charter for instituting the Foundling Hospital was obtained by Captain Coram. Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges were also built in this reign.

Now

With ministerial rage, and no less hate
From opposition in each stern debate.*
About this period PRUSSIA'S KING began
To prove the hero blended with the man;
The mimic hero, GARRICK, now came forth,
And crowds applauding stamp'd his genuine worth.

1742.

WALPOLE, whose pow'r and interest declines,
Yields to opposing voices and resigns;
WALPOLE, who not in politics o'er nice,
Declared that "Ev'ry patriot had his price;"
Exalted to the Peerage,† makes his bow,
Nor heeds the clamour left behind, (which now

* Sir Robert Walpole made a very remarkable speech in one of these debates, part of which ran thus:—"Gentlemen have talked a great deal of patriotism; a venerable word, sir, when duly practised. But I am sorry, sir, to say, that of late it has been so much hackneyed about, that it is in danger of falling into disgrace. The very idea of true patriotism is lost, and the term has been prostituted to the very worst of purposes. A patriot! sir! why patriots spring up like mushroons! I could raise fifty of them within the four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them, sir, in one night, it is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot. I have never been afraid of making patriots, sir, but I disdain and despise all they can do!"

† He was, on his resignation, created Earl of Orford.

Calls

Calls for impeachment,) but with placid smile,
Regards each threat of PULT'NEY and ARGYLE.*

Our British boys, led on by gallant STAIR,
To scenes of Continental war repair;
CART'RET at home assumes the reins of pow'r,
Not ill sustain'd by BATHURST and by GOWER.
But changes still distract the nation, 1743.
Which loudly calls for new administration;
And set afloat, as it should seem,
What was yclep'd a grand BROAD-BOTTOM'D scheme;
ORFORD's impeachment, long expected,
Again proposed, is once again rejected.
The King concludes the sessions 'ere he goes 1743.
To take the field in person 'gainst his foes;
At DETTINGTON, with WILLIAM by his side,
The British Monarch turns the battle's tide;†

* The Duke of Argyle was particularly hostile to the late Minister, and, on Mr Pulteney's advising moderation, threw up all his employments, while the people exclaimed the nation was betrayed by screening the Earl of Orford.

† The King and the Duke of Cumberland fought with the greatest bravery in posts of most imminent danger,—the latter received a wound in the leg.

Compels

Compels the Gallic chief to sound retreat,*
While France laments her chosen son's defeat;
And GEORGE, in council sage as brave in field,
Sees Princes to his able guidance yield.

1744.

Threaten'd invasion her red standard rears,
And ROQUEFEUILLES navy on the wave appears;
Him NORRIS baffled,—many blame the knight,
Who did not capture those he put to flight.†
MATTHEWS and LESTOCK with Old ROWLEY join'd,
Attack the French and Spanish fleets combined:
Hard was the contest, till receding day
Fled, with our batter'd enemies, away.
There HAWKE fought bravely, gallant CORNWALL fell,
And more was done than we have space to tell.‡

* Marshal Noailles likewise behaved well, but at length sounded a retreat, after loosing 6000 men and many officers;—the loss of the allies was 2,500 and 2 officers.

† Sir John Norris, whose superior force drove back the invading fleet, on board of which was the Pretender's son, was charged with want of spirit in not effecting more.

‡ On the 11th of February the combined French and Spanish Fleets resolved to fight their way from Toulon, where they were blocked up by Admiral Mathews. Our fleet was vastly inferior as to number, and the enemy escaped under cover of the night, with the

ANSON

Anson, whose ships begirt the globe, we view
Returning with the treasures of Peru ;
The world pays tribute to his mental power,
And Paita's plunder decks proud London's Tower;
With change of men in pow'r the year we close,
And now the Pelham Ministry arose.

No pleasure were it here to trace 1745.
Rebellion's progress and disgrace,
Else might we in right mournful verse,
The deeds of men misled rehearse ;
And tell how, in the Western Isles,
His followers Prince Charles beguiles ;
And from their due allegiance draws
The brave adherents to a cause
Which ruin pluck'd on many a Clan,
Whose crime in honesty began.
Who taking warmth of heart for reason,
From loyalty engendered treason ;
Nor do we to pourtray delight
The horrors of Culloden fight,

loss of one ship of the line, and 1000 men killed; our killed and wounded amounted to 400—An enquiry was afterwards made into the conduct of our admirals, for letting the enemy escape so well, Mathews and some captains were broke, Lestock and the rest honourably acquitted.

Where

Where victory in blood-stain'd vest,
For ever set the theme to rest.*
Again, the state wheel turns about, 1746.
Some Outs come in, and Ins go out.
Our navy, shall I credence gain?
Has loss of honor to sustain;†
But in the next succeeding year,
ANSON and WARREN on the sea,‡

* The Young Pretender landed in one of the Western Isles, on the 14th of July, and great numbers flocked to his standard,—he soon proclaimed his father at Perth, and got possession of Edinburgh; defeated Sir John Cope, and obtained a complete victory at Preston Panns, where the celebrated colonel Gardener was killed by the scythe of a Highlander; the Young Pretender then proceeded as far as Manchester, where the preparations made to oppose him, and the march of the Duke of Cumberland, occasioned a retreat of the rebel army, which the Duke finally overtook, and entirely subdued on the Plain of Culloden, April the 16th, the *soi disant* prince with difficulty escaped to France, and left many of his partizans to pay dearly for their attachment to his supposed rights.

† In the East Indies, Commodore Peyton declined engaging the French Admiral de la Bourdonnais, who took Madras; the Spaniards carried their treasures safe to Old Spain;—and Commodore Mitchell, who was ordered to intercept a French fleet, from Martinico, suffered it to escape, for which he was tried and broke.—An armament against Quebec, under Admiral Lestock and General Sinclair, sailed too late to effect its purpose, and being then sent to surprise port L'Orient failed also in that attempt.

‡ Admirals Anson and Warren were victorious over the French fleet, on the 3d of May, taking many ships of the line;—40 merchantmen richly laden were captured in June; Admiral Hawke took 6 ships of the line in October.

And

And HAWKE, a name to seamen dear,
As was on land brave LIGONIER,*
Reclaim'd the palm of victory;
Nor did our better fortune cease,
'Till, best of all, came smiling Peace. 1748.

Peace reigns abroad, at home less quiet,
We are disgraced by party riot; 1749.
Which Oxford, Litchfield, Bristol too,
Require coercion to subdue.

Now first in embrio was known
A Colony, since finely grown;
NEW SCOTLAND they the infant styled,
Now a prodigious thriving child;
Two earthquakes and disease as fell, 1750,
As many a monument may tell,
Alarm'd the land; and, sad to say,
'Twas fates decree to snatch away
The royal FRED'RICK, England's heir,* 1751.
Hence GEORGE became the nation's future care.

* The bravery and conduct of Sir John Ligonier at the battle of Val, saved the allied army, altho' himself was taken prisoner while endeavouring to preserve the Duke of Cumberland.

* His royal highness died on the 20th of March, 1751.

Portugal

Portugal, Sweden, Holland, Denmark, all
Are likewise doom'd to see a sov'reign fall;
Two Kings, two Princes, and a Queen appear
To swell Death's harvest in one little year;*
1752.
Nor less his triumph, BOLINGBROKE, when you
Discharge the debt from earth to nature due!

To SLOANE a monument of praise, 1753.
Britain's Museum now they raise;
PELHAM his place and life resigns, 1754.
CLIVE, 'er'st unheard of in the nation,
Saves INDIA, brightest star that shines,
In our commercial constellation;
While Europe's peace, of short duration,
Begins to tremble at ambitious France; 1755.
And War's destructive imps with savage stride advance.

A dreadful elemental agitation,
Shook LISBON through it's whole foundation;
In undistinguish'd ruin all
Her palaces, her temples fall:

* The Kings of Portugal and Sweden, the Princes of Wales and Orange, and the Queen of Denmark, daughter of George II.

Her

Her nobles, mingled with their native clay,
In undistinguish'd heaps by peasants lay.
From us each sad survivor aid receives,
While Britain sympathises and relieves!
Her noble sympathies have long convey'd 1756.
Most sterling comfort to who want her aid.
For which, that Power who nations weighs above,
'Tis our's to hope, will Britain ever love.
Joy of our isle, and terror of it's foes,
Pride of the good, illustrious CHATHAM rose;
Fox too, with PITT, coeval, glorious name,
Surrounded each by well-earn'd deathless fame!
Ah, how shall trivial numbers sing 1757.
The fall of hapless gallant BYNG;
Presuming pen! most sure to fail,
Draw, as the painter did, a veil
O'er manly grief's expressive face,
Nor versify the land's disgrace!
War riots through the burning earth,
And gives to crime and glory birth;
In varied fall or elevation,
Sports with each fierce contending nation.
Blest Britain! may thy safe retreat
Ne'er be of fiend-like war the seat;

But

But gratitude to Heaven procure,
The good thou hast may long endure.
Contention's desolating hand,
To Europe unconfined,
Riots in India's distant land,
Where tyrant TIPPOO, base, and blind
To honour, gives to most inhuman death;
Britannia's warriors, whose struggling breath,
From fell CALCUTTA's fiend-like dungeon flies
For retribution, to avenging skies.

A splendid list of names heroic blends 1758.
With sea and land achievements, each day sends
Advice of gallant deeds by WILLIAM's arm.*
BOSCAWEN, AMHERST, JOHNSON, with an host,
Who kept our enemies in dread alarm;

* The Duke of Cumberland distinguished himself in every battle he was present at on the Continent. At sea, Admiral Boscawen defeated M. de la Clue, and took or burned four large ships of the line; he also took Louisburgh. General Amherst took Ticonderago, Crown Point, and Montreal. Admiral Hawke gloriously vanquished the French fleet in Quiberon Bay. Sir William Johnson took Nigara; Martinico, Guadaloupe, and Maregalante, were also taken. Lord Howe was killed gallantly fighting near Ticonderago, and succeeded by an Abercrombie. Monckton and Townsend signalized themselves with the immortal Wolfe. In Africa, Senegal was taken by Commodore Marsh, under the direction of Mr. Cumming, a Quaker.

HOWE; ABERCROMBIE; MONCKTON; WOLFE, who died
Of Albion's sons the dearest pride,
Of Albion's chieftains the most honored boast.
Nor from the battle springs our fame alone,
Where in it's cause the valiant soldier bleeds;
Benevolence, as if she wou'd atone
For Discord's brutal deeds,
Founds an asylum for the orphan maid;
A home where innocence, by man betray'd,
Might find the narrow path whence late she stray'd.

What if we travel, reader, from this road
Of cramp chronology, and hear a tale,
A true one too, of how this kind abode
First rose the help and comfort of the frail.
This freak of my erratic muse,
I'm sure, your goodness will excuse;
Forgive the manner, since the matter's true,
For 'tis a fact, denied by few,
Magna est Veritas, and will prevail!

The

The INSTITUTION *of the* MAGDALEN.*

I.

'Twas darkest December, the frost pointed sleet
Was borne on the whirlwind, like ocean's white foam;
Fast closed was each door and deserted each street.
Save of wretches who wander, devoid of a home:

II.

'Twas the season of joy, when HIS mem'ry sublime,
Who bled for our sins and expired for our sake,
Is hail'd with rude mirth, ill beseeming that time
Which shou'd gratitude's noblest emotions awake.

III.

The song, and the jest, and the story, went round,
By warm hearths where the grape gaily circled about;
And while on the ear burst loud merriments sound,
Mirth heard from *within*, heighten'd mis'ry *without*.

* The Rev. Dr. Dingley assisted by Henry Fielding, Esq. and the celebrated, tho' unfortunate, Dr. Dodd, were among the first whose warm-hearted ideas gave birth to this valuable institution.

IV.

Where the portal superb of an opulent lord,
With massy projection invaded the street;
To share the cold shelter it's roof might afford,
Two children of want took a sorrowful seat.

V.

'Twas winter, I've said, yet thin garments of white
The limbs of two shivering females enfold;
And keenly past thro' them the blast of the night,
As close to each other they shrank from the cold.

VI.

The transit of heat those fell liquids impart,
Those liquids impregnate with murderous fire,
Had ceas'd to inflame, and left colder each heart,
For that warmth of the instant which glows to expire.

VII.

With voice scarcely human, so mournfully hoarse,
Indignant in tone, yet suppressing a sigh,
One daughter of error address'd her discourse,
To the other who scarce rais'd her tear-swollen eye.

"That

VIII.

" That my parents are living you've oft heard me say,
" And, I hoped, uninform'd of their EMILY's fate;
" They've discover'd me now, and a letter to day
" Offers pardon and home,—but the offer's too late."

IX.

" Ah take it, accept it," with eagerness cried
The withering blossom, who lean'd on her knee:
" Accept it! Oh, never!" indignant replied
Stern EMILY,—once no one milder than she.

X.

" Accept it! encounter a mother's reproof,
"A sister's contempt, a whole neighbourhood's scorn;
" No! never again will I darken that roof,
" Where wou'd I had never, ah never been born!

XI.

" My father so partial, so fond, none beside,
" Of his children so lov'd, so distinguish'd as I,

" He

" He liv'd but for me and for me wou'd have died,
" And, sooner than meet him shall EMILY die.

XII.

" My brother, whose anger inflaming a mind
" Once mild as an infant's, with vengeance too just,
" Like lightning, flew swift my seducer to find,
" And mingle his treacherous blood with the dust.

XIII.

" Will he too forgive, or will he too forget
" That for my sake he wielded the murderous steel?
" No, his bosom must heave with those agonies yet,
" His friend's breathless body first taught him to feel.

XIV.

" Accurs'd be the tongue, tho' now silent in death,
" Whose accents delusive my senses beguil'd;
" Enveloping poison in flattery's breath,
" To steal from her parents, their once happy child.

" But

XV.

‘ But mem’ry avaunt ! why recur to the past ?
“ Come, come, fellow suff’rer, this coin is yet mine ;
“ Shall souls form’d like our’s turn coward at last ?
“ At yon tavern we’ll drown the reflection in wine.”

XVI.

Away, like a maniac, the frail one has fled,
As with counterfeit glee a gay ditty she sung ;
Her companion remain’d, while faint, weary, half dead,
From lips deadly-pale were these sentences wrung.

XVII.

“ Had *I* but a parent ! had *I* but a home,
“ A sister, a brother, ah had I a friend !
“No more in the streets wou’d I comfortless roam,
“ No more my long suffering conscience offend.

XVIII.

“ Might Industry succour the orphan bereft,
“ How hard wou’d I work for a morsel of bread ;
“ But where shall the female by character left,
“ Find shelter to hide her disconsolate head ?

“ For

XIX.

" For who will the voice of her agony hear?
" Or who with relief will her misery bless?
" Or who will believe that the tale is *sincere*
" Which tells of repentance *enforced by distress?*"

XX.

By sobs interrupted, her accents grew weak,
And many a tear fell congeal'd by the frost,
As her sorrow-worn arm scarce supported her cheek,
Yet neither those tears, nor those accents were lost.

XXI.

A being, Benevolence beam'd in his heart,
And the stamp of that feeling his countenance bore,
Overheard her sad plainings unmingled with art,
And vow'd to conduct her to virtue once more.

XXII.

Nor did he alone to *her* sorrows extend
The hand of assistance which led her to peace:

He

He became of all penitent suff'rers the friend,
And created a home where their sorrows might cease.

XXIII.

The mansion exists, to his ne'er dying fame
Which this appellation his memory gives:
"The FRIEND OF WRONG'D WOMAN," great, gorious name!
It shall ne'er be extinct, while humanity lives!

Our present sire attains his age, 1759.
Meantime his aunt and sister quit Life's stage;
One too we lost, whose potent spell,
Like Orpheus' lyre had moved all hell;
But HANDEL must not be profaned
By tales which Bards have only feign'd:
The minstrel's lot, we trust, is cast
Where "his majestic strain can only be surpast."
GRANBY, and many British warriors more,
1760.
This year may add to heroes named before;
When lo! a sudden mist obscures the sky,
Checks the successful stream of victory:

And

And thousands with sincerity deplore
That GEORGE, their king and father, is no more.*

When great men die who, living, claim respect
From greatness only, on the 'scutchen'd hearse,
In awful grandeur waves each sable plume,
And pomp supplies the place of real regret.
But when the man of worth exchanges life
For better scenes, 'tis not the passing bell,
Nor splendid orgies our attention claim,
But ev'ry thought to one emotion yields,
And unavailing anguish reigns supreme!
This Britain felt, and own'd the mournful truth,
When lost her father, magistrate, and friend,
And doubly, trebly, felt the sacred bond
Of gratitude, for public blessings dealt
From the late much loved source of private virtue.

* October 25th, at Kensington, His Majesty had risen early, and anxious for news from Germany, he threw up a window sash to observe the wind, which exertion probably broke a blood vessel; for, very soon after, he fell exclaiming, "Call Amelia!" but was dead before the Princess reached the apartment. He was a soldier, a politician, and the father of his people—a warm temper his only foible; impartial in justice, he administered it with mercy; sincere and open, he disdained deceit, and was never known to break his word. The liberties of Europe, and the constitution of England, were constantly upheld by his wise and resolute conduct; and he died in the fulness of his glory.—*Vide* LOCKMAN, &c.

Another Author says, "His public character was marked with a predilection for his native country, to which he sacrificed all other motives. If an error, certainly not a very unnatural one."
LUFFMAN'S ELEMENTS OF HISTORY AND CHRONOLOGY.

SUMMARY

SUMMARY OF THE REIGN OF

GEORGE THE THIRD.

From his Accession, to the Regency of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

GEORGE III. born June 4th, 1738; proclaimed King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, October 25th, 1760; married September 8th, 1761, to the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, who was born May 19th, 1744; both crowned September 22d, 1761.—Their issue:

1. George Augustus Frederic, Prince of Wales, Prince Regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, K. G. born August 12th, 1762; married April 8th, 1795, to the Princess Caroline of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle; has issue, one Princess, Charlotte Augusta, born January 7th, 1796. 2. Frederic, Duke of York, born August 16th, 1763; elected Bishop of Osnaburgh, February 27th, 1764, K.G. and K.B.; married September 29th, 1761, to Frederica Charlotte Ulrica Catherine, eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia. 3. William Henry, Duke of Clarence, born August 21, 1765, K G. and K. T. 4. Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of England, born September 29, 1766, married 1797, to the Duke of Wirtemberg, proclaimed King and Queen of Wirtemberg, 1806. 5. Edward, Duke of Kent, born November 2, 1767, K. G. and K. P. 6. Princess Augusta Sophia, born November 8, 1768. 7. Princess Elizabeth, born May 22, 1770. 8. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, born June 5, 1771; K. G. 9. Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, born January 27, 1773, K. G. 10. Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, born February 24, 1774, K. G. 11. Princess Mary, born April 25, 1776. 12. Princess Sophia, born November 3, 1777. 13. Prince Octavius, born February 23, 1779; died May 3, 1783. 14. Prince Alfred, born September 22, 1780; died August 20, 1782. 15 Princess Amelia, born August 8, 1783; died October, 1810.

PRINCIPAL

PRINCIPAL EVENTS.

Resignation of Mr. Pitt, who is created Earl of Chatham. War declared against Spain. The Havannah taken. Peace with France. Wilkes and the North Briton. The Bank pay £1,100,000 for a renewal of their charter. Troubles in America. Rockingham administration. Stamp act repealed. Popular tumults, on acoount of Mr. Wilkes. The Lord Mayor (Brass Crosby) and Alderman Oliver sent to the Tower. Marriage and East India bills passed. America resists the right of Government to tax her; a civil war commences there, which ended, after a struggle of eight years, in the independence of the Colonies, under the title of the United States of America. Death of the great Lord Chatham. Great riot in London, began through the influence of a sociery called the Protestant Association, of which Lord George Gordon was president; this tumult, which came little short of a rebellion, is at length subdued, many of the rioters executed, and Lord George Gordon tried for high treason and acquitted. War having previously commenced, great successes are obtained against the fleets of France and Spain, by Sir Hyde Parker, and more particularly by Admiral Sir George Rodney. Relief of Gibraltar. Five East and fifty West Indiamen taken by the French. War with Holland. Tremendous sea fight between the fleets of Sir Hyde Parker and Admiral Zoutman, in which neither side gain much advantage. Rodney beats De Grasse in the West Indies. India Bill. Resignation of Mr. Fox. Shelburne administration. William Pitt, youngest son of the Earl of Chatham, is made Chancellor of the Exchequer. A general peace between Great Birtain, America, France and Spain. Struggles for Parlimentary Reform. The King's life attempted by Margaret Nicholson, a maniac. Illness and recovery of his Majesty, who goes in public procession to St. Paul's to return thanks. Revolution in France. War with that country and Spain. Rebellion in Ireland. Grand victories over the French and Spanish navies, achieved by Admirals Howe, Duncan, Jarvis, and Nelson; the enemy

are

are also defeated by land, in Egypt, by Sir Ralph Abercrombie; death of that hero. Addington administration. The King's life again attempted, by Hadfield, a maniac, who was tried and acquitted. Peace with France and her dependencies. Pitt administration resumed. War renewed with France, Spain, &c. Death of Marquis Cornwallis. Battle of Trafalgar; and death of Nelson. Battle of Maida. Death of William Pitt. Administration of Fox; his death. Peace with Spain. Indisposition of his Majesty. Various successes against the French in Spain. Death of General Moore. Victories of Sir Arthur Wellesley; since created Viscount, Earl, and Marquis Wellington. Perceval administration; tragick death of that Minister. Regency of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Eminent Persons.

☞ To attempt giving a list of all those who have, during so long a reign, distinguished themselves in the Literary, Clerical, Political, Naval, Military, or Mercantile Worlds, would be far exceeding the boundary of this undertaking. A reference to events will enable the reader to estimate the talent and character of those concerned in them: while the author will escape the difficult task of defining where a limit should be placed to the numerous record of illustrious names which have honored and still grace the reign of his present Majesty.

Cotemporary Sovereigns.

Popes.

Pius VI. 1775. Pius VII. 1800.

Emperors.

Of Germany.—Joseph II. 1765. Leopold, 1790. Francis II. 1792; assumed the title of Emperor of Austria, 1804.

Of the Turks.—Mustapha III. 1757 Achmet IV. 1774. Selim III. 1789.

Empress and Emperor of Russia.—Catherine II. 1763. Paul I. 1797.

Sovreigns.

Sovereigns.

Of France.—Louis XVI. 1774. Republic, 1792. Napoleon appointed Emperor, 1804.

Kings and Queens.

Of Spain.—Charles III. 1759. Charles IV. 1788. Ferdinand VII. 1808.

Of Portugal.—Maria, 1777.

Of Prussia,—Frederick II. 1740. Frederick III. 1786. Frederick IV. 1797.

Of Poland.—Stanislaus Augustus IV. 1786. Divided between Russia, Prussia, and Germany, 1793.

Of Denmark—Christian VII. 1756. Frederick VI. 1808.

Of Sweden.—Gustavus III. 1771. Gustavus IV. 1792. Charles XIII. 1809.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

" God save great George our King,
" God save the King!"

CAREY.

" That King whose cares a people's wants compose,
" Who aids their joys, and sorrows in their woes;
" Who, deaf to prejudice when vesting power,
" Bestows promotion but as virtue's dower;
" Who menial parasites expels the throne,
" And deems all public freedom's foes his own."

" INVESTIGATION," A POEM BY C. DIBDIN, JUN.

" With length of days and glory crown'd,
" With wealth and fair encrease;
" Let him abroad be far renown'd,
" And blest at home with peace."

HUGHES.

" Count still my Muse! (to count what Muse can cease,)
" The works of public spirit, freedom, peace;
" By them shall plants in forests reach the skies,
" Then lose their leafy pride, and navies rise;
" (Navies! which to invasive foes explain,
" Heaven throws not round us rocks and seas in vain;)
" The sail of commerce in each sky aspires,
" And property assures what toil acquires.
" Him the same laws the same protection yield,
" Who plows the furrow, as who owns the field."

SAVAGE.

" Benign

" Benign and gracious George, whose every deed
" Throughout his holy life was amiable,
" Dispensing blessings ever o'er his realms;
" Under th' ALMIGHTY'S visitation lies,
" Fast bound! close lock'd!

" Most merciful, just GOD!
" As thou still sendest kindly, genial warmth
" The bands of winter in due time to loose,
" So may it please thee to restore
" To reason, health, and happiness, OUR KING!"
WALDRON'S LITERARY MUSEUM.

SINCE Time who subjects empires to decay,
And mingles palaces with cottage clay;
Since Time destroy'd the gloomy bigots trade,
And brought NASSAU and BRUNSWICK to our aid,
No day more big with glorious hope we own,
Than that which seated GEORGE on Britain's throne.

With conquest flush'd, tho' tired of war
(For war lays taxes,) was the nation;
Yet naval vict'ries, near and far,
Brought to our pride some consolation;
For pride, aspiring like a rocket,
Too oft soars high above the pocket.

ONSLOW,

Onslow, who long had fill'd St. Stephen's chair,
Retires, of years and honors *plenum ;*
So firm, yet mild, his office did he bear,
That, in debate, no wranglers dare
Proceed if once he stepp'd between 'em.

In wedlock, hard (you'll own) the fate of Kings,
Debarr'd the meanest subject's right,—free choice ;
Forced to accept what state convenience brings,
And haply mourn while all around rejoice !

Not so our George, bless'd by the pow'rs above
With a free, brave, and gen'rous people's love,
To yield him happiness without alloy, 1761.
Kind fortune, for the monarch's joy,
Brings Charlotte in propitious hour,
To sooth the toils of state and power :
Brings Charlotte, drest in Hymen's softest smiles,
To bless the ruler of the British isles ;
To share that happy sovereign's throne
Who found the nation's choice his own.
Ah, think how many years have proved
How worthy him the bride he loved :

Ah, think how many years have flown,
While Time's true test bids envy own
CHARLOTTE as Queen, as Mother, Friend and Wife,
The pride of public, as of private, life!

France seem'd just now for peace disposed,
But CHATHAM'S scrutinizing mind
A *compact en famille* disclosed,
By which the French, with Spain combined,
Their blended interest to our's opposed,
PITT said to Britain "Don't be fool'd,"
PITT's council sage was overrul'd,
And he resign'd.*

This year, to tell it's worth our while,
KEPPEL and HODGSON took Belleisle;
While indefatigable CLIVE,
Kept Indian interest quite alive.

* The French, after making overtures for peace, depending on the private support of Spain, insisted on inadmissable terms; and a treaty, called the *Family compact*, being entered into between France and Spain, Mr. Pitt proposed hostilities against the latter, which advice being rejected, he, with Lord Temple, resigned.

The

The Commons well convinced they must 1762.
A Speaker chuse, chose Sir JOHN CUST!
And, reader, the next thing they do,
Proved all that PITT foreboded true;
For war with Spain, to trade's derangement,
Succeeds the "Family arrangement."
POCOCK and ALBERMARLE* now raise
Our honor far beyond my praise;
Nor dare I waste my ink and paper
With strains unworthy gallant DRAPER;
Who, join'd with all victorious CORNISH,†
Made Spanish leaders look forlorn*ish*.
Next to compleat our exultation,
In CHARLOTTE's first-born England sees
The hope of a delighted nation;
A Prince now fortuned to sustain,
With much of care and little ease,
The pressure of a troublous reign,
In times when he who all can please

* Admiral Sir George Pococke, and General the Earl of Albermarle, took the Capital of the Isle of Cuba from the Spaniards; nine Spanish ships of the line, spices and merchandise to the amount of more than three millions sterling, were the produce of this victory.

† Admiral Cornish and General Draper took Manilla, the Capital of the Phillippine Islands; and two British frigates took the Hermione, a Spanish register ship worth a million sterling.

(While war and taxes thus exhaust us,)
Must be "the Devil or Doctor FAUSTUS!"

"A curious thing these annals boast,
"No less than a disturbed ghost,
"Which visited Cock-Lane;
"The neighbourhood around were shock'd,
"For oh, at night, it scratch'd and knock'd,
"And knock'd and scratch'd again!"*

In seventeen hundred, sixty three, 1763.
The belligerents all agree:
And, peace once signed between those elves,
We 'gin to quarrel—with ourselves;
Great discontents are kept alive
By "WILKES! and NUMBER FORTY FIVE!"
Long WILKES disputes the hand of pow'r,
Which gives him lodgings in the Tower;
Fights, travels, writes, and treats the nation,
No doubt, with great *illumination*.

* Last Dying Words of the Eighteenth Century.

The

The people's right he much befriended,
And for that cause,
He gain'd—much trouble, some applause,
And there the matter ended.*

So we behold in modern day,
The people's champions, foes to power,
Who write, and fight, and court the Tower;
While Johnny Bull, their pains to pay,
Gives 'em a popular huzza,
And thinks of something else in half an hour.

A second time the QUEEN, to England's joy,
Presents her royal consort with a boy;
FREDERICK, may thou and the succeeding line
Of Brunswick long the royal stem entwine:
While that, unbending as it's nation's oak,
Shall scorn the pressure of a foreign yoke.

* The ingenious Mr. Luffman, in his Elements of History and Chronology, observes, "Before we part with Mr. Wilkes, it must be allowed, that whether he acted from principle or resentment, he was a means of strengthening the just liberties of the people, by the noble stand he made against General Warrants, a remnant of the Star Chamber of Charles the First, and for which the British nation ought ever to be grateful." It is, however, to be observed, that the patriotism of this gentleman terminated in (or was rewarded by) a place for life.

Our

Our Eastern commerce which we've seen to thrive, 1764.
Under the guidance of unequall'd CLIVE,
From COSSIM ALLY CAWN a check receives,
Which CLIVE's good arm and genius soon retrieves;
And COSSIM mourns the British blood he shed,
When turban'd chiefs, by basest treach'ry led,
The halls of Patna with foul murder stain'd,
And lost their honor, ne'er to be regain'd.*

The sov'reign's sister gives her royal hand
To BRUNSWICK's Duke:—to his paternal land
He bears the fair, and from this union springs
The hope, perspective, of a race of Kings.

CHURCHILL and HOGARTH, much we grieve to say,
The awful debt of nature pay;
Even genius, oft to poverty a brother,
Pays that when haply he can pay no other.

* Cossim took up arms against the English, and, having taken several prisoners at Patna, he caused forty officers and gentlemen of the East India Company, besides others of inferior rank, to be massacred; but in the end he was defeated.

The

1765.

The stamp act proves the germ of ills to come,
Which force COLUMBIA to defend her home;
Into a foe translated many a friend,
And in American enlargement end.
Changes are made, in hopes to serve the nation,
And lo! a ROCKINGHAM administration
To take the helm of government began,
And bought of ATHOL's Duke the Isle of Man.

From GEORGE and CHARLOTTE's union springing,
A third son sets the bells a ringing;
And WILLIAM HENRY glads the royal pair,
Whose union proves as fortunate as rare.
Events most opposite succeed each other,
Rejoicing in a son the sovereign mourns a brother,*
And to the ruthless tyrant death,
The Old PRETENDER yields his breath.

The men of Boston with such force oppose 1766.
The Stamp Act that repeal takes place;
The Ministers resign, and now arose
The GRAFTON Government:—to aid his grace,

* Prince Frederick William died this year, as did also the Chevalier de St. George, commonly styled the Old Pretender; the Dauphin of France, and the Emperor of Germany.

CAMDEN,

CAMDEN and Charley TOWNSHEND came,
And CHATHAM, high in honorable fame.

Our merchants, vastly fond of exportation,
The want of other states to aid,
Sent so much corn from out the nation
That we were almost famish'd by the trade;
And folks who didn't chuse to starve in quiet,
(One don't know how to blame them,) made a riot.
Merchants! 'ere thus again for pelf ye roam,
"Remember, charity begins at home."

Michaelmas-day a Princess Royal gave us,
Now QUEEN of WIRTEMBERG; so made
By one to whom King-making is a trade,
From which, on England's shore, kind fortune save us!
King GEORGE's sister, CAROLINE, is seen
The bride of CHRISTIAN and Denmark's Queen.

In India, war with savage fury roars,
'Till CLIVE again goes out and peace restores;*
At

* Sujah Dowlah espoused the cause of Cossim, the deposed Nabob of Bengal; and such was the neglect of the Government there,

At Monaco's Italian state,
EDWARD of YORK submits to fate.*

A fourth son to the King is sent, 1767.
EDWARD, since 'titled Duke of Kent;
PAOLI seeks asylum on our shore;
The Jesuits' Order falls to rise no more;
And, (what strange medley of historic lore!)
The Irish Parliaments, which erst extended,
'Till each incipient reign was ended,
Are now decreed octennial and no more.
King GEORGE resumes King WILLIAM's grant of lands 1768.
To PORTLAND's Duke:—this case relief demands,
And a Bill pass'd, for common weal,
This old law maxim to repeal,
(Law latin always puts me in a worrit,)
Nullum tempus Regi occurrit;
Which means, in spite of time, the throne
May legally reclaim it's own.

there, that notwithstanding the victories of General Carnac, it was thought necessary to send out Lord Clive, who, upon his arriva', restored the peace of the country, by a treaty of alliance with the Mogul Emperor.

* His Majesty's brother, the Duke of York, died of a fever, at the Palace of the Prince of Monaco.

Now

Now weavers riot about silks,
And, *ecce iterum!* Mr. WILKES
Committed is *in Banco Regis*,
(More latin!) which the mob besieges;
And ALLEN, guiltless of the strife,
To party fury yields his life.*
In London Pleasure takes the rein,
To welcome here the royal Dane;
Nor less to greet with heart-felt mirth,
The day that gave AUGUSTA birth.†
Again we're plunged in strange convulsion, 1769.
By WILKES' election and expulsion;
CHATHAM and SHELBURNE's resignation,
Make room for NORTH's administration.
The Eastern native chieftains rally
Against our pow'r round HYDER ALLY;
When, sad to tell, VANSITTART, SCRAFTON, FORD,
Who to our aid in India meant to sail,
Encounter on the seas so dread a gale,
That down the vessel sank with ev'ry soul on board.

* The monument of young Allen in Newington church-yard, which is also a monument of party spirit, relates the tragic end of this young man, who was followed into a cow-house by one of the guards and shot, during a riot for Wilkes in St. George's Fields.

† The Princess Augusta Sophia was born November the 8th.

American

American disputes encrease,
And far remove all hope of peace;
At home the Commons meet, and chuse
Sir FLETCHER NORTON Speaker; who,
As History informs the Muse,
Gave them no cause their choice to rue.
Another Princess blest the royal pair,
In whose delight their people truly share;
ELIZA, thy oft prov'd domestic worth,
Credits the public joy which graced thy birth.
Our docks at Plymouth set on fire,
Proclaim how hot our foemen's ire;
And a hush'd up *fracas* with Spain,
Gives ground to look for war again.
The cause of WILKES, with fresh commotion,
Makes London like a troubled ocean;
One side against the other pitted,
A Mayor and Alderman committed;*
Which party heats cause great regret,
Evils not much diminish'd yet.
The Queen again presents her lord a Prince, 1771.
ERNEST, the King's fifth son, and since

* Brass Crosby and Alderman Oliver, were committed to the Tower.

Created

Created DUKE of CUMBERLAND ;—to say
The Muse laments the death of GRAY,
Were all superfluous—when genius dies
Death proves the bitterest of enemies !

The Commons well their rights defended 1772.
Against the Upper House, they scout
All money bills by Lords amended,
And, practically, kick 'em out.*
Our royal parent's mother finds that bourne
From whence, 'tis truly said, there's no return ;
AUGUSTUS, to our list of Princes adding, 1773.
Sets all our loyal lads and lasses madding.
AMERICA again essays to gain
Her freedom, nor, at length, essays in vain ;
1775.
CONGRESS assembles first, we're bid remember
Upon the *fifth* (of all days,) in November,
ADOLPHUS FRED'RICK to the royal tree
Adds a new branch ; FURNEAUX, in happy time,

* The Commons asserted their exclusive privilege of having all Money Bills either rejected, or passed without amendment by the other House; two Money Bills, returned by the Lords with amendments, were flung over the table by the Speaker, and kick'd out of the House by the Members.

Returns

Returns from compassing the world by sea,
And brings OMIAH from his native clime.
Much of debate, hot rancour, and ill will,
Precedes a war from which there's no retreating;
America maintains the contest still,
With various issues:—but at Bunker's Hill,
From British bands COLUMBIA gets a beating.
Now WASHINGTON, true patriot! arose,
Shield of his country, terror of his foes;
Second CINCINNATUS, yet greater far,
The first with savage nations urg'd the war.
But WASHINGTON, a rude untutor'd host
Against the chosen sons of Britain led;
Against a band, their country's pride and boast,
With names like HOWE and CLINTON at their head.
No farther here the struggle let us trace,
Enough to say, by WASHINGTON defended,
COLUMBIA gain'd her point, and with good grace
We own'd her free, and thus the contest ended.*
'Twas then the patriot warrior began
Prove how the hero rose above the man;

* It was not till the year 1785 that Great Britain, at the general pacification, acknowledged the independence of America.

No

No regal recompence, no iron crown,
No wrested rule bedecks his brow or hand,
Proud to resign as to assume command;
Chief of the Free, with freedom he lays down
A sacred trust confided by the land.
This is true greatness!! In his hall of state
What conqueror, tho' lord of half the earth
Inspires that awe, to which the cottage gate
Of WASHINGTON for ages must give birth?
Oh, Guerdon rich! what royalty above,
The glorious empire of a PEOPLE'S LOVE!!
What else cou'd GEORGE'S sceptre have sustain'd,
Through times, as "out of joint," as Hist'ry knows?
Yet midst this "age of reason," GEORGE has gain'd,
Respect, not e'en witheld him from his foes.

This strife of brothers caused the war again 1776,
To rage between Britannia, France, and Spain;
With joy we next announce, the theme to vary,
The Birth propitious of our Princess MARY;
And tho' our verse may ill the task assume,
Yet HISTORY must weep the death of HUME.

The

The record next to infamy we turn, 1777.
Behold where Britain's naval treasures burn;
Portsmouth! the billows which thy harbours lave
Reflect fell fires in ev'ry curling wave.
AITKEN, like him who fired th' Ephesian fane,
In felon reputation will remain;
Nay! the Muse fears of treason you'll attaint her,
That rogue for only naming—JOHN the PAINTER.

SOPHIA, newly-born, with infant voice,
Bids England's father and his sons rejoice.

Amidst the heat of senatorial strife, 1778.
CHATHAM appears with fast retiring breath,
And where his country claim'd his well spent life,
Makes a last effort for her cause in death.
Now Cockneys, as they gravely walk,
In consequential tones,
Of COXHEATH Camp and KEPPEL talk.
And wonder at PAUL JONES.

" Ye chiefs of the ocean your laurels throw by,
" Or the cypress entwine with each wreath,

" At

" At the shrine of humanity heave a soft sigh,
" And a tear now let fall for his death :
" Yet the genius of Britain forbids us to grieve,
" Since COOKE ever honoured, immortal shall live."

So sang a Bard, when COOKE's regretted blood
Ting'd on Owyhee's fatal shore the flood ;
Unrival'd chief! who found a cruel grave
From those his generous feelings sought to save!

To former joys of royal sire and mother
OCTAVIUS is born to add another.

And now reluctantly we tell 1780.
What the Metropolis befel,
From lawless villains who defame,
To grace their guilt, religion's name :
" No Popery," the factious cry
That led to deeds of blackest dye;
" No Popery" the signal dire
To light up Discord's fiercest fire ;
And London sees, in pale amaze,
Her palaces and temples blaze ;
Her magistrates stand idly by,
While conflagration braves the sky.

'Til

'Till rous'd from her lethargic trance,
See retribution now advance;
Then caution, 'camp'd beneath our walls,
At length the rabble rout appals;
And GORDON nearly pays with life,
The forfeit of the lawless strife
Which, with most inconsiderate head,
And frantic zeal of late he led.*

Mark, the Dutch admiral BYLAND yielding,
To fearless British captain FIELDING;
Behold, where PARKER's genius rises,
To fill our ports with gallant prizes;

* These riots, the worst that ever disgraced a civilized nation, lasted from the 30th of May till the 8th of June, during which time the rioters were absolute masters of the metropolis and its environs; many chapels and houses were demolished, and their contents committed to the flames; Newgate, the King's Bench, and the Fleet Prisons, were set on fire, and the prisoners liberated. The Bank was twice attacked, but without effect; and 36 fires were visible at one time, from an eminence near Hampstead. The numbers killed and wounded in the streets and on Blackfriars bridge, amounted to six hundred, independent of many whose wounds were privately attended, from their not wishing to have it known they had been concerned in the tumult. Several of the principal rioters were hanged at, or near the places where outrages were committed. Lord George was committed to the Tower for high treason, at first a close prisoner, but, after some time had elapsed, he had more indulgence, and was eventually acquitted on his trial.

And, the proud record to compleat,
See RODNEY master of LANGARA's fleet;
DIGBY and GEARY swell our victories,
And RODNEY's flag again triumphant flies.*
ALFRED the royal stock encreases;
CORNWALL succeeds as Mister Speaker;
All hope of peace grows daily weaker,
And for a time entirely ceases.

While on our victories we dwell,
T'is our's impartially to tell,
That fifty-five as gallant ships
As ever took commercial trips,
Happ'ning by sad mischance to meet
The Gallico-Iberian fleet,

* The Dutch Admiral, Count Byland, struck his flag to Captain Fielding, rather than submit to a question of search;—Rear Admiral Parker sent home a vast number of French and Spanish prizes;—Admiral Sir George Rodney, after taking a Spanish 64, with her convoy of 22 merchant ships, gained a complete victory over the squadron commanded by Don Juan De Langara, five sail of the line were taken, and one blew up;—Rear Admiral Digby took a French 64;—Admiral Rowley captured two large French frigates; and Admiral Parker took a convoy of nine sail, from Martinico;—the Salisbury took a Spanish 50 gun ship;—Rodney defeated Admiral De Guichen;—Admiral Geary took eleven sail of merchant vessels; and Captain Edward Moore, of the Fame privateer of Dublin, with his single ship took 4 French Letters of Marque.

Became

Became, oh, sorrow and surprize!
Captive to England's enemies.*
War with the Dutch adds to our troubles, 1781.
And trade's embarrassment redoubles.
If I mistake, 'tis your's to judge it,
But only overhaul the Budget
Which, for the service of the year,
Will *millions*, twenty-three appear;
Thousands, seven hundred fifty-six,
And *hundreds*, (as accountants fix,)
Some one or two;—a sum so great
Had ne'er before disturb'd the state;
But "damned custom" hath, as now one sees,
"Made it" to us "a property of ease."
The French take JERSEY, 'ere the dawn of light,
Only to quit it with returning night.
Ne'er shall the genuine, grateful tear,
Cease to embalm brave PIERSON's bier;†

* A large outward-bound West India fleet and five East Indiamen, in all about 55 ships, unfortunately fell into the midst of the combined fleets of France and Spain, in the bay of Cadiz, in the night between the 8th and 9th of August, and were almost all taken.

† The gallant Major Pierson, with the assistance of Captains Aylward and Mulcaster, and the militia of the island, re-took the town of St. Hellear, which had capitulated (under Governor Corbett,) to the French General; who, as well as Major Pierson, was slain in the re-capture.

Who found among the patriots brave,
A soldier's honor'd, glorious, grave.

Success still hovers o'er the navy,
And (all the pains we can to save ye),
We very willingly excuse,
Too close attendance on the Muse,
Who means her duty to discharge in
Enumeration, "as per margin.*"

Per contra, we must now relate,
Nor ARBUTHNOT, ('tis battles fate,)
Nor GRAVES, nor HOTHAM, each as brave
As any he that stems the wave,
Had such good fortune in their fighting,
As those of whom we've just been writing.†

Mars

* Rodney, in conjunction with General Vaughan, took the important Dutch settlement of St. Eustatia, with the islands of St. Martin and Saba; a Dutch frigate, 5 sloops of war, and 150 sail of merchantmen;—a Dutch 60 gun ship, and 30 sail of merchantmen were taken by Captain Reynolds.—Rodney afterwards took Demerara, Issiquebo, and St. Bartholomew;—Admiral Darby relieved Gibraltar;—Admiral Parker defeated the Dutch, under Zoutman, in a great battle off the Dogger Bank;—and Admiral Kempenfelt beat a French squadron, from which he took 19 sail of transports and merchantmen laden with ordnance and naval stores.

† Vice Admiral Arbuthnot engaged the French fleet under Monsieur de Ternay, off Virginia, the action was indecisive, and the

Mars too, in India, made a sally,
Under the flag of HYDER ALLY;
Who, join'd by Fortune, murrain fetch her!
Defeated BAILLIE and bold FLETCHER.*
In seventeen hundred eighty-two, 1782.
The Parliament found much to do;
Each party t'other undermining,
Which ended in Lord NORTH's resigning:
Him scarcely ROCKINGHAM in pow'r replaced,
With "royal honors guarded round and graced,"
When Death, who sometimes sides with opposition,
Made room for a new state physician.
FOX now resigns; and, lo! where sit
In council, SHELBURNE, TOWNSHEND, PITT;
The former ministry began

the British squadron much damaged.—Commodore Hotham, while convoying the St. Eustatia fleet, was intercepted by M. la Motte Piquet, with seven sail of the line, who captured twenty-one of the merchantmen; and the British fleet under Admiral Graves had an unsuccessful engagement with the French (commanded by M. Du Barras) in the Bay of Chesapeake.

* Hyder Ally invaded the province of Arcot, surprised a detachment of British who were marching to its relief, under Colonels Baillie and Fletcher, killed and took 508 of the British including a great number of officers, and 3300 of the native troops in our service.

The

The work of reconciliation,
The latter well pursued the plan,
And met successful termination.
The curse of human slaughter 'gins to cease, 1783.
Old England and America shake hands;
All Continental Europe bows to peace,
While commerce promises encrease,
Where war late drain'd so many luckless lands.

Rodney, to gild the wars conclusion,
(Hear critic to thy great confusion,
We cannot let a poor pun pass,)
Made the foe once more cry *peccavi*,
And to the dashing Gallic navy
Gave, as it were, a Coup De Grasse.*
Whate'er of such a joke the sin,
I still say "let those laugh who win!"

* On the memorable 12th of August, Rodney beat Degrasse, and took him in the Ville de Paris, with 3 other line of battle ships and sank one.—Seven days afterwards, Sir Samuel Hood took two more ships of the line, in which glorious action Captain Blair of the Anson, and Lord Robert Manners who commanded the Resolution, were killed.—About the same time Admiral Barrington took the Pegase of 74 guns, the Actionnaire of 64, and 10 sail of transports. Admiral Howe relieved Gibraltar which Elliot had most nobly defended, and the Spanish batteries were destroyed by the brave Sir Roger Curtis.

Next

Next, to omit it were not good,
The honor'd, valiant name of Hood;
" And ever as that day returns,
" The Muse her tale shall tell,
" And sing her sorrow o'er the urns
" Of those who bravely fell;
" And weave immortal wreaths of fame,
" O'er Blair, and Manners' deathless name."
To list of heroes add we now
Brave Digby, Barrington, and Howe;
Nor must bold Curtis be forgot,
Of whom it was the envied lot,
To deal his indignation hot
On Spanish prows, and with disgrace
To drive them from Gibraltar's base;
Where matchless Eliot cheers his dauntless band,
Firm as the rock on which the warriors stand.*
Hughes and Suffrein with each a fleet
In action indecisive meet,

* Our losses at the close of the war were, the island of Minorca, taken by the Spaniards; St Eustatius, and St. Martin's, taken by the French,—the Ville de Paris, Glorieux, Hector, Centaur, and Ramillies, foundered at sea;—the melancholy catastrophe of Admiral Kempenfelt in the Royal George, is in the sad recollection of many.

Coote

Coote pays off Hyder, in hard blows,
A score, of which the reader knows.

From wars warm toil allow us breath,
To mourn Prince Alfred's early death ;*
And civic gratitude to praise,
Which bids art's fav'rite vot'ries raise
A monument of veneration,
To Chatham, glory of the nation !

Peace, disapproved by Parliament,
It's makers out of office sent;
Pitt yields to Fox and North who stay
In Coalition scarce a day ;
The state wheel turns, and fate thinks fit
Again to smile on William Pitt.
It is not our intent to follow
Each turn of In and Out view hollow;
But sometimes in our quiet ride,
Glance *en passant* at either side.

Strange Meteors fright old men and wives,
Amelia's birth delights our King and Queen ;

* Prince Alfred died in 1782.

From

From India unpropitious news arrives,*
And Prince Octavius quits this mortal scene.

Election broils now come in play, 1784.
'Twixt Fox and Hood, and Cecil Wray;
Handel's august commemoration,
Electrifies the list'ning nation;
And, useful to the Muse, she hails
Palmer, thy Post-impelling Mails:
May thy claim's "laboursome petition,"
Wring justice, slow, from opposition.
Johnson, thy vast, thy comprehensive mind,
With all it's Herculean store
Of elegant, not superficial, lore,
Is by the will of Heav'n to death consign'd.
The monument thou leav'st behind,—
Thy Works,—like the famed Torso, greatly prove
Our praise, or imitation, far above.

In sev'nteen hundred eighty-five,
The all-expectant world's alive,

* Our forces both by land and sea suffered severely in India, just as the news of peace arrived to put an end to hostilities, and this was the final operation of the late war.

To

To hear how WARREN HASTIGNS, tried, 1785.
Such inquisition might abide,
As, when once brought before his Peers,
They wove and wove for years and years;
As if, like Old Ulysses' bride,
Their daily knots the night untied,
At length, both sides to plead admitted,
The Governor most amply is acquitted.

The Shop-tax for a while disturbs the town,
'Till he who plann'd it, wisely laid it down.

1786.

Commercial plans with France and Spain we sign,
On base of reciprocity,
And faith and friendship mutually combine,
'Gainst future animosity.
When, suddenly, a frantic maniac's hand,*
Masking in suppliant guise th' insidious knife,
Had nearly plunged in mourning all the land,
By sacrifice of our lov'd parent's life.

* Margaret Nicholson attempted to stab His Majesty with a knife she had concealed in the folds of a petition, which he was just reaching his hand to receive; she proved to be insane, and was directed, under the most humane attention, to be confined in Bethlem Hospital.

Nor

Nor know her wand'ring senses to this hour,
What parricidal guilt her hands had dyed;
Had not kind heaven interposed it's pow'r,
And turn'd the murd'rous implement aside.
While thanks for GEORGE's preservation rise,
AMELIA, his royal sister, dies. 1787.

Next might we open a vast, boundless theme,
Of wond'rous narrative, more like a dream
Than semblant to the style of sober pens,
I mean when civil dæmons left their dens:
With specious garb, and demagogues' deep wile,
Who look like peace, yet "murder while they smile."
Oh, hapless GALLIA, 'tis for thee we mean
These plaints, and happy for the Muse, I ween,
Not her's the task to trace each blood-stain'd scene
Thy mourning streets, thy fanes, thine altars saw:
That fierce despite of loyalty and law
Which rent asunder ev'ry sacred tie,
In Reason's name bade all of reason die,
And call'd the gaunt delirium Liberty!

Pass we the horrors of thy princes slain,
Pass we where lovely woman falls unspared;

Pass

Pass we where brutes o'er heroism reign,
While red-eyed Revolution wildly glared.
My Muse disclaims each deed of crime or glory,
But what alone relates to BRITISH story.

1788.

LORD GEORGE, who led the chapel-burning crew,
Now quits his creed, and owns himself a Jew.

MANSFIELD, the sage judicial chief, expires:
And, with respect and sympathy, we state,
HYGÆIA from our sov'reign's cheeks retires,
And (while a prey to fev'rish fires
The monarch suffers,) harsh debate,
And wrath unseemly, in the senate rise.
Then, THURLOW, it was thine to prize 1789
Thy master's welfare, and exclaim,
(Never forgotten be thy fame) !
" Whene'er unmindful of my King I prove
" Unmindful be of me the God I love !"
Then PITT! too, leader of that band
Who, in the sov'reign, served the land,
O'erpaid thy loyal efforts then,
When reason dawning on the best of men,

Pointed

Pointed his faithful friends to his regard,
And feeling, reft of words, essay'd reward.
The King's recovery was given
As sudden blessing sent from Heaven,
To interpose when Discord's voice,
In accents hoarse, bade fiends rejoice ;
But Providence withdrew the veil,
The dæmon's fell intentions fail :
And in the sacred dome,* by crouded hearts
Surrounded, GEORGE his gratitude imparts,
To where SINCERITY will still prevail.

BURKE, and his friend CHARLES FOX who used to feel 1790.
But one opinion ; now with so much zeal
On Gallic questions seize, that neither yield,
While all their former friendship quits the field.

CORNWALL's decease the Speaker's chair bestows
On ADDINGTON, whose worth the country knows:
Some frantic hand again the King assails,†
It's aim, to ev'ry subject's rapture, fails.

* His Majesty went in solemn procession to St. Paul's to return thanks for his recovery.

† A stone was thrown at His Majesty by one John Frith, a half-pay lieutenant, which fortunately missed the royal person: Frith being proved insane, upon trial, was sent to a proper place of confinement.

FRANKLIN

FRANKLIN and HOWARD pay great nature's debt,
For virtue in a philosophic dress,
The first renown'd ; the second no one yet
Hopes to surpass, while many a 'prison'd wretch,
Far as the hand of time will stretch,
Shall find some cause his memory to bless.

1791.

Indian King TIPPOO calls his chiefs to arms,
And hence begins a scene of lengthen'd strife,
Which keeps the Eastern world in dire alarms,
'Till TIPPOO's empire closes with his life.

To seek that school of military fame
Which venerable FREDERICK* form'd to guide
The youthful warrior, teach him how to blend
With valours vehemence the needful curb
Which discipline supplies, the royal YORK,
Our sov'reign's second hope, had gone erewhile :
And as those maxims he imbibed, which since
In practice have secured the love of all,
Of each, or high or low, whom his command
Embraces ;—there, ere yet matured his aims

* The great King of Prussia.

To

To make the British soldier prize his lot,
To shelter from distress the widow, wife,
Or parent of the fearless youth who rush
On Gallic squadrons in their country's cause:
To rear the sons of Albion to renown,
By theories which mingle in the mind
Lights of religion and humanity,
And form the christian soldier in the man.
While great intents like these his wish employ'd,
Still softer feelings stole upon his mind,
PRUSSIA's fair pride, the daughter of his host,
Taught the young soldier, that, from beauty's glance
No angle of the heart, howe'er by lines
Of caution fortified, is quite secure.
The sires of BRITAIN and of PRUSSIA smiled,
And blest their offsprings union, England saw
Her Prince's choice with pride, and hail'd with joy
The day by Hymen destined to entwine
With FREDERICA, FRED'RICK's fate for life *

* His Royal Highness married the Princess Royal of Prussia, at Berlin, was re-married at St. James's the December following, and most magnificently received at court with his royal bride.

The

The sons of AFRIC from their "hundred thrones,"
Have cause to bless enlightened Britain's voice,
Which, in full senate, the detested trade
Of human traffic marks with fit rebuke;
Places a bound to it's nefarious powers,*
Pow'rs doom'd at length to wither! pow'rs accurs'd!
Which sacrificed to avarice, (as of old
Moloch's fell shrine was wet with infant blood,)
Freedom and life, and ev'ry heaven sent good:
The virgin's hope, the husband's virtuous bliss,
The father's fondness, and the mother's joy;
And, above all, the patriotic flame
Which, whether in the frozen arctic isles
Where stormy ZEMBLA rears her ice-clad hills,
Or on the burning sands of Araby,
For ever vibrates on the feeling soul.
Like to that magic song of HOME,† which tunes
Helvetian hearts to mournful ecstacy!
No patriot he, no genuine Briton born

* Various resolutions were proposed by the opposers of the slave trade and after long debates and the rejection of many proposals, a motion was carried that the abolition be final in January, 1796, this afterwards met much opposition from the Lords.

† The celebrated Swiss air called the "Rans des Vaches."

Who

Who, basking in the beams of liberty,
Wou'd rise to wealth upon the servile chains
He heaps on fellow man! No freedom his
Whose mind (the worst of slav'ry) wears the badge
Of cursed thirst for gain;—but, oh! for him
Whose open heart, whose large enlighten'd mind,
Cou'd advocate the cause of wretchedness;
1792.
Expose the narrow selfish craft, which stain'd
The name of Commerce; rescue from reproach
The British merchant's honor, and restore
Degraded man, (yet not abased so low
As those who dare degrade him,) to his rights,
What rapture must be his! his manly heart,
Sentient for others, in itself must feel
Myriads of blessings, first by him bestow'd,
Returning on the source from whence they sprang!

Now PAYNE, the demagogue, began
To circulate his "Rights of Man;"
And mad enthusiastic fools
Of deep designing knaves the tools,
With Hudibrastic fury swelling,
Long'd to "ride forth a Colonelling."
Kings, Priests, and Peers, at one fell sweep,
They sentenced to "ETERNAL SLEEP;

For thus, with philosophic breath,
The new Scholastics christen'd death.
RELIGION, henceforth petty treason,
Was merely soften'd down to REASON;
The raising a domestic storm,
Was prettily misnamed REFORM;
And sending thousands to their graves,
Saved them, of course, from being slaves.
EQUALITY, that lovely word,
For which so many drew the sword,
Meant only, that industrious worth
Shou'd with the idlest rogue on earth
Share the fair produce of his labour;
And, when thus pillaged, rob his neighbour.
Well had the world run round, I wot,
Had things fall'n out—as they did *not*;
How decently at Church, (I mean
In REASON's Temple,) had been seen
Our British fair, no longer prudes,
Improved to lib'ral minded *Nudes*;
Returning home, for dinner ready,
Our servants, in the good cause steady,
Wou'd condescend to wait at table,
Or tend the kitchen, or the stable,

Provided

Provided master, and my dame,
Were pleased in turn to do the same;
While citizens, DICK, POLL, and BOBBY,
In Gallic costume, *sans culotte*,
Preambulate park, street, and lobby,
By lady's robe bedeck'd, and lord's best coat.

Eastward the Muse now points the view, to where
The son of HYDER leads his Rajah-poots,
From Ganges' banks, and arms the native tribes
Of Hindoo warriors, to poise the spear
Against CORNWALLIS; vain the effort, vain
The tiger hunting monarch's wrath, opposed
To British firmness.—TIPPOO's hostage sons,
With store of tributary spoil, confess
The triumph of our arms; victorious flies
The banner of St. GEORGE, and low the Crescent lies.*
Nor to Hindostan is the war confined, 1793.
France revolutionized, her King bereft
Of life by felon hands; her people drunk

* Tippoo Saib was reduced to cede one half his dominions, to pay three crores and thirty lacks of rupees, to give up all prisoners and yield his two eldest sons as hostages for the performance of the treaty.

With anarchy's red cup,—fell discord shakes
Her venom locks, the pois'nous drops imbue
The shore, the ocean, and their influence spreads
To the Batavian coast, and hence, the SCHELDT
Infecting Britain with a plea for strife,
The spirit of dissension burns, nor years
Have quench'd the flame terrific, which extends
From busy Thames to where Lutetia's towers
Reflect their lofty honors in the Seine.
On land, unmoved, do Gallia's sons maintain
The varied fate of warfare;—on the sea
The British trident still asserts it's right

1794.

Of empire.—Mark! what thundering peals announce
HOWE and the glories of the first of June!
Six captured floating castles, two destroy'd,
The shatter'd remnants of invading prows
Put to disgraceful flight, proclaim what boys
Of native oak constructed hearts, can do
Against determined foes.—The British fleet
Scarce injured in the contest, proudly bore
Her prizes safely to our grateful shore.

The

The new philosophy essays on land*
The nation to divide, but honest John,
True to himself, spurns ev'ry base attempt
To cheat him of his rights, in specious name
Of Liberty; and give, in lieu of thee
Thou lovely goddess ever "fair and free!"
A drab, whose blood-stain'd pike and bonnet rouge
Mark'd her the mother red-cap of a mob.

The saffron vested god, to England's heir 1795.
Leads CAROLINE of Brunswick, pomp and state
Upon the royal nuptials wait,
And joy's loud acclamations rend the air.†

France conquers peace with Spain, both nations join
Their pow'rs on land and ocean, to combine

* The disciples of the new philosophy at length were noticed by the law, many convicted of sedition and some acquitted of high treason;—the mob at Birmingham taking offence at a party of philosophers who were commemmorating the "glorious" French revolution, proceeded to most dreadful outrages, and after the law had been shamefully violated in the name of church and king, many of the rioters expiated their folly with their lives.

† H. R. H. the Prince Regent was married on the 8th of April, to his cousin the Princess Caroline of Brunswick.

Against

Against Old England, who nor courts, nor shuns
The war's continuance, but sends her sons,
HOTHAM, CORNWALLIS, BRIDPORT, o'er the main,
Her long asserted title to maintain.*

Under French influence, too, the sordid Dutch,
Whose cause we had befriended, far too much!
Declared against us; yet we stem the tide,
And still our gallant ships victorious ride.
About this time in reputation rose,
The most implacable of England's foes,
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, whose frequent threat
Of our destruction (unaccomplished yet);
Whatever may have caus'd said threat's prevention,
Calls on our gratitude for its intention.
Batavian settlements, Batavian fleets, †
Surrender to the British—France, too, meets

1796.

* Pondicherry, Chandenagore and Mahie were taken from the French, whose settlements in the West Indies were also captured by Sir C. Grey and Sir John Jervis; we likewise took Martinico and St. Lucie.

† Nearly the whole of the Dutch settlements surrendered to the British arms, and in the month of October, nine sail of Dutch ships, three of the line, five frigates, and sloops, which had entered Saldanha Bay with a view to attack the Cape of Good Hope, yielded, without firing a shot, to Admiral Sir Keith Elphinstone.

A check

A check from Irish lads, in Bantry Bay,
Whence Gallic chieftains bravely—ran away.
With peaceful offers MALMESBURY is sent
To Paris, and returns just as he went.
Jamaica feels the scourge of civil jar,
'Till British valour terminates the war.*
Hope of the House of Brunswick, England's care,
The birth of CHARLOTTE glads the Royal pair.

A caution, meant to save from future harm,
Involves the nation in no small alarm, 1797.
Which spreads with light'nings speed from rank to rank,
When guineas ceas'd to issue from the Bank;
External and internal enemies
Have subsequently prov'd the measure wise.

Now Continental freedom loses hope,
And BONAPARTÉ triumphs o'er the Pope.
At sea two proud achievements gild the page,
Each unsurpass'd in any clime or age;
First JERVIS, long to be remember'd name!
Against IBERIA wins immortal fame;

* This was called the Maroon War; the Maroons were descendants of the Spanish slaves, who refused to submit when the English first took possession of the island;—twenty battles terminated in their entire submission

FIFTEEN to TWENTY-FIVE! St. VINCENT's saw
The gallant Briton give the Spaniard law.*
Next DUNCAN's prowess claim'd no less renown
When Holland struck her flag off CAMPERDOWN.†
Our pious Sovereign and his joyful Court,
In solemn state to PAUL's proud fane resort;
Preceded by the lads whom VINCENT, HOWE,
And DUNCAN, led to fame; they grateful bow
Before the GIVER of success; display,
And consecrate the trophies of the day.
Impartial verity, alas! compels
What with reluctance the historian tells:
The bulwarks of our empire o'er the main,
Bring on their name a momentary stain;
Britain had ne'er such cause to mourn, before
Her Naval sons' defection at the Nore;
And never may such cause occur again.

* Sir John Jervis with 15 sail attacked a Spanish fleet of 25, passed rapidly through their line, tacked, and separated one third from the main body, after a partial cannonade, which prevented their rejunction in the evening; by which manœuvre 4 line of battle ships were taken, and their whole fleet defeated with very trivial loss to the English.

† Admiral Duncan broke the Dutch line, a-la-Jervis, and in two hours and a half took their Admiral and 9 ships of the line. The hero of Camperdown was in consequence created an English Peer, by the title of Earl St. Vincent.

The

The leader punish'd of the daring plot,
Alike his crime and mem'ry be forgot!
France sends her heroes to invade North Wales,
Thro' Taffy's zeal the well-meant project fails.
Lord MALMESBURY is sent once more to treat
Of peace, our foes the kind intent defeat.*
The King of PRUSSIA and JOHN WILKES, of whom
We twice have spoken, seek the silent tomb.
HIBERNIA, sister of our Isle!
With whom to share sweet Union's smile
Is ev'ry honest Briton's aim,
Why shou'd the Muse those ills proclaim 1798.
Which from our mutual foemen sprung!
To discord shall the harp be strung?
No, brother Pat, tho' rudely sung,
My wild attempt would fain combine
The blended beauties of the nine;
And above all to sing of thee
With most fraternal harmony.

The Frenchmen this year tried their luck,
Without success, at Ballinmuck;†

* Lord Malmesbury was sent to treat with the French Commissioners at Lisle, but was unable to procure honourable terms of peace.

† The French landed at Killala Bay, and were subsequently obliged to surrender.

Ireland

Ireland and England, hand in hand,
Repell'd the bold intrusive band.

Who next arrests bright vict'ries smile?
HORATIO NELSON OF THE NILE:
Cent'ries to come shall hail the day
Of conquest in ABOUKIR Bay;
Not on the main each adverse fleet
With equal chance of conquest meet,—
But Gallia's leading warrior rides
  Guarded by shelter at his back,
While NELSON, whom time, place, nor tides,
  Deterr'd from once-resolv'd attack.
So plied the foe with British thunder,
So rent his phalanx line asunder,
That, scarce recover'd from surprise,
Their ships, consuming, tint the skies:
And dread explosion tells the tremb'ling shore,
The floating pride of Frenchmen is no more;
That NELSON's warlike genius rules the fight,
And conquer'd L'Orient sets in endless night.*

* Nine sail of the line were taken, L'Orient of 120 guns, another ship of the line, and a frigate were burned or blew up in action; two only of the French fleet escaped; their Admiral Brueys, lost his life in the engagement; for this brilliant and most important service, our hero was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, and his Sicilian Majesty conferred on him the title of Duke of Bronti.

Say

Say, bitterest foe of British isles,
When thy best fortune on thee smiles,
Does not remembrance of that fearful night
Fill thine ambitious bosom with affright ?
Did it not certainly foretell
That breasts of steel who fought so well
Would soon thy mad career appal,
As SYDNEY did, at ACRE's Wall,
Wou'd put thy stoutest hearts to flight,
As STEWART did at MAIDA fight ;
Wou'd drive thy hordes from Egypt's shore,
As ABERCROMBIE, now no more,
Began to do, while those he left
Of all thy laurels thee bereft ?
Did no presentiment foretell
Thine upstart glory's passing bell,
When, starting from thy tyrant reign,
In fury rose awakened SPAIN,
Did nothing sadly prophecy
Of WELLINGTON and Victory ?
Or didst thou never turn thine eyes
From JAFFA and thy cruelties ?
To the, then little thought, bare chance
That all the pride and flow'r of France,

Led

Led by thy sateless thirst of pow'r,
In RUSSIAN climes, should curse the hour
When thy ambition lured them forth,
To perish in the hostile North;
When millions, by thy schemes misled,
For whom?—A stranger—fought and bled.
Thou! prodigal of human blood,
Whom British senators descend to praise;
For thee and thy dire practices too good
Are even these most inexpressive lays.

The Gallic chief, with fury in his eye,
Beholds the British flag triumphant fly;
And, pow'rless to revenge great Nelson's deed,
The turban'd victims of his anger bleed; 1799.
And more of desolation had profaned
The sacred land, and Jaffa's conduits stained,
But that another Briton barr'd his way,
Cross'd his fell purposes from day to day;
And where, of yore, in a less holy cause,
Fierce CŒUR-DE-LION gave the battle laws;
In modern day did SYDNEY shake the tower
And pinnacle of NAPOLEON's power:

Who

Who, conscious that his *fortune* still must yield
When such opponents met him in the field,
Bravely resolved (the Moniteur would say)
To 'tempt the ocean, rather than to stay.*

PENNANT, thine antiquarian labours cease
With gallant HOWE, death calls thy soul to peace.

TIPPOO, the mighty Sultan of MYSORE,
Falls, with his capital, to rise no more;
Much we rejoice when Britain's arms succeed,
Yet much regret to see a monarch bleed,
Defending to the last, in mortal fight,
What surely less was *ours* than *his* good right.

The conquerors of Austerlitz we hate,
Who not succeed thro' rectitude, but fate;
And Indian princes, who ne'er thought
Of British interference, ought

* Nelson's victory seemed to deprive the French of all succour from the Continent; and the Turks, being reinforced by a small body of English, under the command of Sir Sydney Smith, the French were subjected to innumerable distresses and defeats, when an unexpected scheme was put in execution by Bonaparte, which was no other than that of making his escape from Egypt.

Maintain

Maintain their ancient rights against, or trade,
Or what, or whom their native land, invade;
Correction here may offer a short word,
To say that TIPPOO was not rightful lord
Of what he died for; that bold HYDER's son
Defended what his sire by force had won,
While we the legal Rajah's heir restored.*
It may be so, but truth says, after all,
The Musnud of Mysore is LEADENHALL.

Painful thy task, O Bard, to sing
Of danger to our much-loved King, 1800.
Yet pleasure every heart must feel to know
That Providence averts each nearly fatal blow:
See, with a parent leader's pride,
Round his brave troops the Monarch ride;
From some fell tube the leaden death,

* Kistna Rajah Oidaver, the only child of Chiaum Rauze, or Raige, (five of whose seven wives are living), was placed on the Musnud, or throne, of the deceased Rajah, on the 30th of June, at the old town of Mysore; the ceremony was performed by General Harris, as senior Member of the British Commission, and Meer Allum, acting for his Highness the Nizam. The deportment of the young Prince, *who was only five years old,* is described as having been remarkably decorous.

Vide *Lonsdale's Narrative Sketches of the Conquest of the Mysore.*

Which

Which else had robb'd our Sire of breath,
By heaven's kind aid is turn'd aside :
Scarce had the sun that memorable day
On ocean's surface ceas'd to play,
When, as his people's shouts their Sovereign hail,
They see a desp'rate hand his life assail ;*
Yes, while surrounded by each dearest friend,
Wife, children, all that love and friendship blend,
His family of Britons mark'd how near
The King of terrors,—while with doubt and fear
All were impress'd, save one, that one was he
Who knew not but he yet might be
The victim of a fatal shot reserved ;
Yes, GEORGE, by interposing heav'n preserved,
With confidence, as brave as mild,
Bow'd to his people, sigh'd, and smiled !
Made the assassin's safety first his care,
And bade his guards the unhappy maniac spare.

On UNION with our Sister Isle
May genuine friendship ever smile ;
May jealousies, and fears and doubts,
Created, or by ins or outs,
Yield to a hearty social band
Of love and faith 'twixt either land.

* At Drury-Lane Theatre.

MALTA

MALTA, the ancient knightly seat
Of many a gallant warlike feat,
Yields to the British arms; and mark
Where ABERCROMBIE's glorious lads embark
For Egypt's shore, where let the Muse, poor elf,
Quote one or two short stanzas from herself.

1801.

"'Twas on the spot in ancient lore oft named,
"Where ISIS and OSIRIS once held sway
"O'er kings who sleep in pyramidic pride,
"But now for British valour far more famed,
"Since NELSON's band achieved a glorious day,
"And, crown'd with laurel, ABERCROMBIE died."

"Her roseate colours the dawn had not shed
"O'er the field, which stern slaughter had tinted too red,
"All was dark, save each flash at the cannon's hoarse sound,
"When the brave ABERCROMBIE received his death wound!

"With a mind unsubdued still the foe he defied
"On the steed which the HERO of ACRE supplied,
"Till

"Till, feeling he soon to fate's summons must yield,
"He gave SYDNEY the sword he no longer could wield.

"The standard of Britain by victory crown'd,
"Wav'd over that head which now sank to the ground!
"His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
"While to Albion's renown he adds one laurel more."*

And large the laurel the lov'd warrior gave,
Purchased with life!—to his all-honor'd grave
Let every manly trait of patriot woe,
With beauty's pearly tear, co-mingled go:
What centuries of most sincere regret
Can to his mem'ry pay the nation's debt?—
Our debt to him whom nor destructive surge,
Nor all that Gallic arms and tactics urge,
Cou'd bar a passage on that very shore
Where NELSON's thunders had been heard before;
To him the glorious conflict who began,
Which drove NAPOLEON's legions, to a man,
To quit, inglorious, that much-injur'd strand,
Where violence and rapine bade them land;

* *Vide* T. Dibdin's Songs.

To him who founded an immortal name
Upon a fugitive invader's shame!
It were too much intrusion here to tell,
The day on which great ABERCROMBIE fell
Was, Reader, (tho' unworthy thy regard)
The birth-day of your humble, wou'd-be, Bard.

Britannia's thunder to the echoing SOUND,
Proclaims that NELSON leads to Danish ground;
His meteor train the northern foe appals,
And to their base shakes COPENHAGEN's walls.
Here Moss and RIOU for their country bled,
And join'd in better worlds the patriot dead.
DENMARK and SWEDEN now to peace attend,
And PAUL's demise, of RUSSIA makes a friend.
SAUMAREZ adds to former gain
Of laurels, at expence of Spain.*

The PREMIER, wearied by incessant strife
Of Opposition to his Public Life,
Resigns,—DUNDAS and GRENVILLE too,
WINDHAM and SPENCER bid adieu

* Sir James Saumarez engaged a Spanish squadron, of superior force, with so much gallantry, that two three deckers of the enemy exploded during the action, and their other ships were so much shattered that it was with the greatest difficulty they escaped into Cadiz.

To

To all the pomp and circumstance of pow'r;
While ADDINGTON essays the sweet and sour
Of Grandeur's careful, transitory hour.

Next let our narrative declare
(For give and take, good friends, is fair),
When on Boulogne we made attack,
Our gallant lads were beaten back.
On this theme, therefore, let us cease,
And talk of oh! much wish'd for PEACE; 1802.
Of short duration though, I fear;
It lasted, let me see, a year,†
'Ere France the scarcely-finish'd compact broke,
Unsheath'd the sword, and challeng'd Hearts of Oak; 1803.
Swore England's commerce should exist no more,
And menaced freemen upon Freedom's shore!
Then "what ensued!" will future times demand:
Say, did the spoilers reach the threaten'd land?
No! Britons with enthusiastic fire,
In patriotic phalanx rallied round their sire;
All were united in the sacred cause
Of Liberty, Religion, King, and Laws;

† The Treaty of Amiens was signed in March, 1802, scarcely a year had elapsed when the representations of Lord Whitworth, respecting some French and Dutch armaments, were answered by the first Consul with so much personal rudeness and "such a striking neglect of dignity and propriety," that our ambassador was compelled to return home, and war recommenced in May, 1803.

All swore for these to conquer or to die !
Vow'd on each other strongly to rely ;
All kept the sacred bond, and still their foes defy.

The treacherous chief of Gaul, whose soul delights
In violating hospitable rights,
Seiz'd on those British, who, in luckless hour,
Had deem'd that honor in his breast had power:
And, when the prison'd guests their right demand,
Ironic insult, and degrading jeer,
Our sons deride, and mock our daughters' ear.
When Autun's Bishop came to Albion's strand,
What courtesy but greeted TALLEYRAND ?
A name on which for ever now must rest
This hated stigma, " the UNGRATEFUL GUEST,"
Who Briton's noblest favors could requite
With ev'ry act of mean official spite.*

* This, at that time, confidential minister of the French court, and to whom the English nobility had been prodigally hospitable, in their own country, is accused in many instances of personal and degrading ill-treatment of the *detenus*, particularly to a venerable Scotch Countess, to whom, when she pleaded for indulgence on her knees, he laughingly said, he could neither understand her French nor her English.

DESPARD, and his associate crew,
Receive from injured law their due.
A sudden burst, in which a Magistrate
Of worth and virtue meets a cruel fate,
Upon Hibernian ground appals the good ;
His very murderers mourn KILWARDEN's blood !
KILWARDEN, whose last palpitating breath,
Forgave th' infuriate authors of his death !
GRINFIELD and HOOD, and SAUMAREZ, at sea,
Their true blue warriors lead to victory ;*
While Dieppe and Dutchmen found some cause to rue
What OWEN and associate chiefs cou'd do.
In India, WELLESLEY triumphs o'er the foe,
(Such names make shocking poetry I trow,
As Rajah Berar, Scindia Dowlat Bow).†

* General Grinfield and Commodore Hood took St. Lucia, Tobago, Demarara, Issequibo, &c.—Berbice was also captured. Sir James Saumarez attacked the port of Granville, demolished the pier, and destroyed many vessels designed for the invasion of England; Dieppe was bombarded the same day by Captain Owen; and a number of vessels were taken, or rendered useless, in the Dutch harbours.

† Marquis Wellesley obtained a decisive victory over the Berar Rajah and Dowlat Bow Scindia, and their combined forces. The Hindostan East Indiaman was lost in Margate Roads on the 11th of January.

Less

Less fortunate at home the current ran,
Which in its vortex sunk the HINDOSTAN.
Now ADDINGTON and friends uneasy sit, 1804.
And yield the ministerial throne to PITT.
Behold LINOIS against our lads advance,
Sets, turns his partners, and declines the DANCE.*
La liberté no more the Frenchman sings,
For mark! th' Imperial Eagle claps his wings!
Wou'd you, my reader kind, survey
Such ensigns of despotic sway,
A moment to Whitehall repair,
You'll see a splendid sample there,
Which with our brethren brave were forc'd to stay
While their unpinion'd owners fled away.

Talking of Eagles, 'tis grand news, by jingo,
Which reaches us from ST. DOMINGO,
Another self-dubb'd monstrous *great I*,
Makes his *debut* as EMPEROR OF HAYTI.
The German Emp'ror, too, commands proclaim,
That henceforth AUSTRIA bear th' imperial name.

* Capt. N. Dance in the Earl Camden East Indiaman, while convoying twenty-six merchantmen, fell in with and beat off the squadron of Admiral Linois, consisting of a line of battle ship, two frigates, a corvette, and a brig.

And

And next, with most unwilling strain,
We sing of war proclaim'd with Spain.
A sail appears,—a flag of truce 1805.
From France, which proves of little use;
Our answer, surely just and wise,
Refused to treat without allies.
Two ships from Spain Sir ROBERT CALDER wins:
And now the Muse's hardest task begins;
NELSON, thy sacred name, thy matchless worth,
Which might the fire of Phœbus self call forth,
Leave me o'erpower'd,—else shou'd the unequal lay
Soar boldly to that blaze of endless day,
Which, emanating from thy great renown,
With dazzling glory gilds thy naval crown!
NELSON, revolving mighty deeds gone by,
Favor'd with hopes of future victory,
Greatly impatient for the coming fight,
Began at length to droop; prophetic sight
Of something like the glorious day
Which memorized TRAFALGAR bay,
Floated before the hero's wishful eye;
Yet would the grateful vision call a sigh,
As if, unconsciously, the warrior's mind
His all lamented envied fate divined.

At

At hope deferr'd while NELSON sicken'd,
Still hope renew'd, his ardor quicken'd:
At length his comprehensive brain
Suggested certain means to gain
His heart's desire—the wary chief
Lulls his opposers to belief,*
That, weary of the fond pursuit,
Despairing to enjoy the fruit
Of ceaseless watching day and night,
Retiring, he declined the fight.
Little they fathom'd that capacious soul,
Which heav'n foredoom'd from pole to pole
Shou'd spread the fame of British tars
Beyond the praise of former wars;†

* To lure the enemy from port, the gallant Admiral kept his fleet out of sight, but established a chain of communication by frigates. Admiral Villeneuve at length ventured out, with 33 sail of the line, 7 frigates, and 8 corvettes, and sustained a most memorable discomfiture from a British fleet of only 26 sail of the line, with a proportionate number of frigates.

† Nineteen ships of the line and three flag officers were taken by the British: our ever-regretted Admiral fell by a musquet ball in the middle of the action; a public funeral was decreed his remains; his brother created a Viscount and Earl of the United Kingdoms, and suitable estates purchased for the support of that dignity; £2000 per annum was voted to Lady Nelson; Admiral Collingwood was elevated to the Peerage, with a pension of £2000; and an ample contribution was raised for those who were wounded in the action, and for the surviving relatives of those who had fallen.

The

The cautious foe first scans the vacant wave,
So soon to be of slaughter'd hosts the grave,
Conceives, at length, he fearless may appear,
Nor dreams of NELSON's genius hov'ring near.
The naval boast of our most happy isle,
Welcomed th' astonish'd squadrons with a smile;
"THEY'RE MINE," he cried,—along the awful line,
Fate answer'd him in thunder, "THEY ARE THINE!"
But first the patriot signal proudly flew,
"ENGLAND EXPECTS HIS DUTY EACH WILL DO."
And did they? Witness for them, bounteous heaven,
If ever signal more appropriate given
Could better be obeyed.—"Now," loudly cried
The British chief, "quick place me by the side
"Of an oft met opponent, man to man!"
The helmsman answered; the dread fray began,
And Trinidada's decks in purple torrents run.
Well did they fight, 'ere NELSON's setting sun
Its golden radiance proudly shed
Around the laurel'd chieftain's head;
Round his, who with his latest sigh
Bless'd the great God of VICTORY;

And,

And, in his last expiring prayer,
His country was the hero's care.

NELSON's FUNERAL.

Who shall describe what Britain felt,
In grateful sorrow while she knelt,
Grateful for laurels proudly won,
Convuls'd with sorrow for her son;
And mark! to shed the patriot tear
O'er him whose victory cost so dear:
Behold a mighty nation throng,
And see the sad procession slowly moves along;
To paint it, wou'd it were my lot
To hold the pen of Wizard Scott,
So might I sing each plaided chief
Who led the pomp of that day's grief;
Of solemn dirges might I tell,
Which on the ear lugubrious swell;
While tristful pipers fling around
The coronach's impressive sound,
And fancy's whispering minstrelsy,
Recals the Bards "Och Hone a Rie!"*

* *Vide* the Poem of Glenfinlass, in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish border.

So

So might I sing each gallant band,
Defenders of our envied land,
Who erst in many a well-fought field
Had forc'd the Gallic standard yield;
And now in battle's dread array,*
Add awful lustre to the day.
Next, speaking closely to the heart,
What pleasure might the Muse impart
If those she sung, the gallant brave,
Who on the late impurpled wave
Had shared the dangers of that day,
Which snatch'd our naval hope away.
The sons of Albion, with revering eye,
Beheld the mild, yet daring, host pass by,
Whose iron sinews to its destin'd aim
Had dragg'd each mouth which dealt the dreadful flame
Of Britain's indignation.—I have said
Whose iron sinews, but whose manly hearts,
The battle over, soft as infant love,
Wept, with no common tears, their father slain.
Much had the "pomp and circumstance of war"
Impress'd the gazing thousands, and the bands
Of England's champions who, with martial step,

* The whole Procession of Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, marched in Order of battle.

Preceded,

Preceded, challenged grateful reverence;
But when, in costume unadorned, yet neat,
The warriors of the main, with downcast eye
And carriage unassuming, pass'd along,
What British youth, whate'er his noble rank,
Whate'er the splendid fortunes he might own,
But (were he truly British) wou'd have given
All, in exchange, to have been one of those
Who, side by side with NELSON, had appal'd,
Each in himself a lion, those proud souls
Who had most rashly dared to threat the soil
Which gave such feeling and such valour birth!
Not one of this bold train who meekly pass'd,
But for some merit in the day of days
Had been distinguished. Dare the SACRED BAND,
Which from his northern perils help'd escort
The high-prais'd EMPEROR of GAUL, assume
A parallel with these?—But hold, my muse!
Let no commixture sully the great name
Which, tamely treated as it is, demands
From its intrinsic grandeur, pure applause.
"Peace to the heroes' souls! their bodies die,
"Their fames shall ever live in memory!"

The

The gallant STRACHAN, in their forced reteat,
Captured the poor remains of Gallia's fleet.*
Our ABERGA'NY, to the sea a prize,
Still on the rocky shore of Portland lies.
Austria to France submits, from Presburg's
towers,
Peace is proclaimed between the adverse powers.
This year we lose the Brother of our King ;†
This year another loss we grieve to sing,
CORNWALLIS great and good, on Indian soil,
Closes a life of patriotic toil.
And scarce another year its course began, 1806.
'Ere PITT, illustrious, unequalled man !
PITT, Napoleon's eyesore, scourge of Gaul,
PITT, victim of his virtues, doom'd to fall,
From libel-stain'd malignity retired,
Sigh'd for his much-lov'd country, and expired !
" Statesman, yet friend to truth," thy spirit now
From blissful realms beholds opposers bow

* Sir Richard Strachan, with an equal force, captured one 80 and three 74 gun French ships, which had escaped from the battle of Trafalgar. The Abergavenny Indiaman foundered off Portland this year.

† His Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester.

To

To thy true patriotic policy,
Source of each heart inspiring victory ;
That, conquering WELLINGTON ! for wakened
SPAIN,
And LUSITANIA, it is thine to gain
The persevering plans to PITT we owe,
Which since have laid Gaul's schemes of conquest low.
PITT's fire of opposition to a chief,
Whose grasping rage for conquest pass'd belief,
Spreading through frozen regions of the North,
Have driven that merciless invader forth,
Who, when in height of power we saw him sit,
No Briton flatter'd but the foes of PITT !

Now all the Talents (great applause!)
Come in;—then, past a doubt,
The nation's saved ! ! Not yet, because
The Talents all—go out.
Thus Fortune's fickle will disposes
Of ministerial beds of roses.

Was't not enough to see, by fate's fell blow,
CORNWALLIS, NELSON, PITT, at once laid low ;

But

But our remaining stay, our senate's pride,
Fox, shou'd so soon in death be placed beside
The man, who equally his country's friend,
By diff'rent means pursued the same good end.
Par Fratrum nobile, tho' long opposed,
Yet each his life with highest honours closed;
Each, when subsided popular acclaim,
Will rank in Britain's love with equal fame:
Each now looks down from worlds beyond the grave,
On that lov'd country each aspir'd to save;
And, were return permitted, hand in hand,
Wou'd Union's blessings point to Briton's land.

Fox had succeeded to the Statesman's throne,
Which Pitt's demise made vacant; when his own
Open'd the country's wounds—Tierney and Grey,
Holland, and Sidmouth, bore co-equal sway.

Popham, and Baird, and Duckworth tell the foe
More tales like those we told them long ago.*

* The Cape of Good Hope surrendered to General Baird and Sir Home Popham; Admiral Duckworth captured three line of battle ships, and destroyed two others, near St. Domingo.

Defective

Defective PRUSSIA, most unlike a Prince
To England acted;—once that's ever since,
The step she has regretted, which may prove
The moral consequence of Gallia's love.

MELVILLE's acquittal; and, (we ought to thank
A deed which brought a million to the Bank).
The capture of Buenos Ayres, tells
That British spirit still in Britain dwells.
From MAIDA's plains another laurel springs,
('Twas wormwood to the Emperor of Kings),
The chosen of th' imperial squadrons meet
The British bayonet—their swift retreat
Proclaims beyond the pow'r of words,
That Gallic threats are sharper than their swords.
SICILIA welcomes STEWART and his band,
As saviours of an innovated land.

1807.

PERCEVAL takes the reins, and next we speak
Of what the Leopard and the Chesapeake
Produced to satisfy the fell desire
Of those who wou'd promote dissensions ire.
AMERICA, may mutual sense of right
Our present boken friendship re-unite!

At

At Buenos Ayres, and on the Turkish coast,
We're free to own, we hadn't much to boast;
In Egypt, measure of mischance to fill,
We, certainly, were less successful still.
Ill fated Copenhagen once more knows
Of warfare (to her dwellings brought) the woes.*
The SLAVE TRADE, to Humanity's encrease,
By pre-arrangements mention'd, now must cease;
LOUIS of France, (the cause each good man grieves,)
Our isle, with hospitable arms receives;
The sov'reign's sister joyful meets once more
Th' unequal'd comforts of her native shore.

Lured by NAPOLEON's promised grace,†
The Spanish monarch quits his place, 1808.
And Bayonne witnesses the cheat,
Which threw Spain under an usurper's feet.

* Eighteen ships of the line, fifteen frigates, six smaller vessels, and twenty-five gunboats, were given up to the British armament which was sent to bombard Copenhagen.

† General Savary, while persuading the King of Spain to go to Bayonne, once went so far as to say, "I will suffer my head to be cut off, if, within a quarter of an hour after your majesty's arrival, the Emperor shall not have recognised you as King of Spain and the Indies;"—notwithstanding this, he was told, after dining with the Usurper, that none of the Bourbon family could be permitted to reign.

'Till Britain, arbitress of Europe's good,
Expends for SPAIN her treasures and her blood!
DUPONT and MONCEY, with DUHESME, first find
The awful efforts of IBERIA's mind;
Baylen, Valentia, Sarragossa prove
How PEOPLE prize the liberty they love.
Of new made king, august Madrid,
Was in a mighty hurry rid;
" A cut-purse," as we somewhere else have read,
" Of realms and empire," not upon his head
He wore the " precious diadem," they say,
But " in his pocket" bore the prize away.*
At Cintra's bargain, millions justly scoff,
And thought JUNOT came much too cheaply off;
And so he did, when VIMIERA's fight,
(Disgrace of France, and Britain's proud delight,)
Had taught the arrogant, intruding, elves,
Who felt not others sorrows, for themselves
To feel and fear:—but subsequent event,
By Heav'n, in aid of British valour, sent;
Has richly equipois'd the gen'rous fault,
Which British liberality had made.
The 'whelming force of NAPOLEON's arms
Gave Usurpation's cause a transient hour

* The Regalia was literally stolen from Madrid by the Usurper.

Blood-red

Blood-red and dark; when, lo! a dawn of light
"Walk'd o'er the hills" of Spanish liberty.
The germ of glory which has since illumed
A generous nation struggling for her rights;
And, while lamented MOORE with honor fell,
Did WELLESLEY fashion deeds which future days
With doubtful retrospection will regard,
As passing far that boundary of truth
Which faithful history may ne'er exceed.

1809.

GAMBIER and COCHRANE* teach the fleet of France
That even their own harbours ill secure
The objects of a British tar's attack.
The Russian's too, by HANKEY's valour find,
(HANKEY! who purchased victory with life,)
What Spartan courage animates the souls
Of English seamen in Old England's cause.†

* Lords Gambier and Cochrane attacked the French fleet in Basque Roads, when one ship of 120 guns, five of 74, and two frigates, were driven on shore, and afterwards totally destroyed, or rendered useless; one of 80, two of 74, and one of 50, with three frigates, were burnt, either by the assailants or their own crews.

† Lieutenant Hankey, (who was killed in the action) with the boats of four ships, attacked a strong flotilla of Russian gunboats, which were supposed to be impregnably stationed in Pensacola bay; they were, however, not only taken or destroyed, but a most valuable convoy captured with them.

Three captured first rates, frigates two,
And twenty transports eke,
In Rosas' Bay, the worth, true blue,
Of COLLINGWOOD bespeak.

Great bustle for a sad event,
By Ministers is made;
And those who were to Walch'ren sent
At home had better staid.

'Twere best the consequence to pass,
Since sorrow will not save
The gallant lads who found, alas!
A pestilential grave.

For credit's sake too, we omit,
How disappointment cruel
Made Ministers, in angry fit,
Go forth and fight a duel.*

* It had long been rumoured that the members of the British Cabinet by no means agreed among themselves; and the failure of the Expedition against Walcheren encreased their disputes to so high a degree, that a public appeal to the pistol took place between two ministers holding the highest official situations in the state: they fired twice, and one of the combatants receiving a wound in the thigh, the affair terminated.

But

But while the people full of ire
These degradations see,
A nobler subject shall inspire
My humble Muse and me.

GEORGE, (whom no Minister's mistake
His people's warm regard can shake,)
Enters the FIFTIETH YEAR that he
Had ruled the sons of liberty ;
Who now forgetting party rout,
Of Whig or Tory, In or Out,
Unite in general JUBILEE.

The sons of Britain, and the British fair,
In public thanksgiving repair,
To HIM who, from his throne on high,
Rules king's and subject's destiny.
The naked cloathed, the debtor freed,
The hungry fed, and many a deed
Of brotherly affection see,
Grace Britain's year of JUBILEE.

And when the festive day was ended,
And Sol to Thetis' lap descended,
What blaze of artificial light
Succeeded to illume the night !

With

With patriot motto, gay design,
Victorious emblem, all the nine
Descended in united glee,
"To celebrate the JUBILEE."

May Time on softest pinion move,
Nor urge the gently rolling sand;
That years to come our King may prove
Lord of all hearts in Albion's land;
And Britons long united be
As at our gen'ral JUBILEE!

Another glorious theme demands
Congratulory lays,
While grateful home and distant lands
Re-echo WELLESLEY's praise.

To Britain from a distant shore,
Fame-wafted comes the battles roar,
And Gallia's eagle ceas'd to soar
Where British valour reigns;

Where

Where WELLINGTON his flag unfurl'd
For Lusitania; Spain; the World!
On TALAVERA's plains.*

Alas for AUSTRIA, whose descending star
Yields where the Corsican directs the war;
Be patient Muse, succeeding happier times
Shall subjects yield for more enliv'ning rhymes
Than these, which tell that Austria, forced to fight
For the existence of her ev'ry right,
Fails in all efforts, and, perforce, receives
Such peace as conquering France most proudly gives.†

* The enemy were beaten across the Alberche, with the loss of twenty pieces of cannon, and nearly 10,000 men, killed and wounded, among the former were Generals Larive and Malot, among the latter, Generals Sebastiani and Boulet. The loss of the British was proportionably severe, amounting to 6000 killed, wounded, and missing.

† The insulting conduct of the French Court subsequent to the treaty of Presburgh, compelled the Emperor Francis to unsheath the sword. The capture of Vienna, and the battle of Wagram, decided the campaign against him. The heroic Tirolese were also subjugated; their glorious leader, Hoffer, murdered in military form; and the Austrian Emperor obliged to accept the terms imposed by his MERCIFUL and MAGNANIMOUS conqueror.

The

1810.

The days of WILKES Sir FRANCIS' days renew,
And peaceful citizens his conduct rue;
Blood stains our streets, and British subjects die
Victims of party pertinacity.*

Assassination in it's direst shape
Attacks the King's fifth son; the Duke's escape,
By Providence directed, claims our praise;
The self-devoted murd'rer ends his days
By the same hand which aim'd the felon knife
Against his unsuspecting master's life.

For more of eulogy our warriors' call,
Amboyna, and the isle of Bourbon fall†
To British conquerors;—BUSACO's field,
And MASSENA's retreat fresh laurels yield.

* Three people were killed and many wounded, in consequence of the tumultuous proceedings which followed the refusal of Sir Francis Burdett to submit to the authority of the British Senate.

† In the isle of Rhe, also, a most gallant action was performed by the boats of the Armide, Cadmus, Monkey, and Daring, under Lieutenant Roberts, who captured and destroyed seventeen vessels. Many other brilliant exploits likewise signalized our marine.

AMELIA

AMELIA, youngest of our royal fair,
Releas'd from sublunary pain and care;
Leaves, inconsolable, the best of sires,
Whose fortitude beneath the blow expires:
And hence the present source of England's grief,
And hence our sad despair of wish'd relief.
In mournful absence of the regal mind, 1811.
The cares of state are to the PRINCE consign'd;
The PRINCE accepts, in hopes a year may bring
Joy to himself, to us, and to our King;
The year elaps'd, our hopes alone remain,
And still suspended is our father's reign.
'Tis our's to bend, whatever Heav'n decrees,
And Heav'n, which far above our wishes sees,
Will, (let us with due resignation trust,)
For England's good dispose,—submit we must.
The REGENT in his delegated power
Confirm'd, remains; and may his ev'ry hour
Of government on British hearts improve,
And gain, with England's duty, England's love.

We've said that MASSENA retreated;
We've told you VICTOR was defeated
By GRAHAM *—a new laurel leaf
ALMEIDA† yields the British chief;

* At the battle of Busaco.
† Massena repulsed by Lord Wellington.

Scarce

Scarce ten days more, and BERESFORD obtains
A glorious day on ALBUERA's plains.*
There happen'd too, the self-same day,†
(Much we regret 'tis our's to say),
An action, which will long be felt,
'Twixt PRESIDENT and little BELT.
May mutual kind consideration
Find influence with either nation,
And strife between us be no other
Than which is truest friend and brother.
BARRY, at sea, the French annoys,
A fort and three "tall ships destroys."‡
The BARHAM, a stout British sev'nty-four,
Founders near Corsica; to England's flag
Batavia falls.§—A comet's brilliant track
Illumes the air, "importing change of times;"
The Spanish war a various fortune proves; 1812.
"Bellona's bridegroom" bravely stems the tide
Of each event, and turns it to success.
CUIDAD RODRIGO to the leader's name
A title adds, nor less of fame

* General Beresford defeated Marshal Soult.

† May 16th, 1811.

‡ Off the Coast of Corsica.

§ The French settlement of Batavia surrendered to General Sir Samuel Auchmuty, and Rear Admiral Stopford.

Badajoz to his martial genius owes :
While at Almarez, on Iberia's foes,
Hill points Britannia's thunder.—Sad disgrace
Blends with domestic story,—time nor place
Protects from murder's unexampled deed,
At once the parent, wife, and infant bleed.*

The solemn senate no asylum yields,
Nor Perceval from sanguine fury shields ;
There, unprotected by the sacred walls,
Assassination's virtuous victim falls.

From tristful subjects turn the tearful eye,
To, once more, Wellington and victory !
Before his better genius Marmont flies,†
And Paris journals teem, of course, with lies.

To conquer Russia Bonaparte assumes,
And his high full-fledg'd eagle moults her plumes,
Flies back quite stripp'd of each victorious feather,
All which, France says, is owing—to the weather.
If true effects and causes you'd explore,
The Petersburgh gazette will tell you more.

* The tragedies of Marrs, Williamsons, &c. &c.

† At the glorious battle of Salamanca.

Reader,

Reader, while thus we've trudg'd together,
Through ups and downs, in various weather;
I've tried, with small success I fear,
The unembellished path to cheer.
I've painted ABORIGINES
Worse than they did their arms and knees;
Of Roman Chiefs, and Saxon wiles,
I've sung in hope to gain your smiles.
Of kingdoms and what monarchs kept them,
'Till EGBERT join'd *in uno septem;*
Of ETHELWULPH, and good Saint AUSTIN,
Who love and politics were lost in;
Of ETHELBERT and ETHELBALD,
Which two were but one sov'reign call'd.
Of ETHELRED, and, (England's pride,)
He who the minstrels calling tried;
Anticipation wont be long,
To guess that ALFRED gilds the song;
The song which next essay'd to sing
Of Elder EDWARD, and the King.
ATHELSTAN who, or mem'ry fails,
Fought much in Ireland and in Wales;
And pious EDMUND basely slain,
By LEOLF; then came EDRED's reign,
When England triumph'd o'er the Dane.

Speaking

Speaking of EDWY we lamented,
That he by DUNSTAN was tormented ;
EDGAR was mention'd more at large,
Rowed by eight princes in a barge.
Of Martyr'd EDWARD's tale we boast,
Because it introduced a ghost :
(In modern day no work of merit
Can otherwise go off with spirit.)
For Second ETHELRED you felt,
When forced to pay (that bore) Danegelt ;
We might have brought ye next a SWAIN,
But his can scarce be call'd a reign.
CANUTE and ETHELRED again,
Not long your notice cou'd obtain,
Before came EDMUND IRONSIDE,
He and CANUTE the land divide.
I think we named among the worst
Of sov'reigns, HAROLD, styled the first ;
Saint EDWARD, who abhorr'd the Devil,
Destroy'd Danegelt and cured the evil :
O'er hapless HAROLD's fate I wept,
While you, perhaps, my readers, slept ;
Which I presume in turn to do
While singing NORMAN BILL's curfew.

Next

Next, fancy, in new forest walking,
Of Redhair'd William sets us talking ;
Harry the First, I think, we found,
Died worth a hundred thousand pound ;
His daughter Maude and nephew Stephen
Found things at odds, which death made even.
(If not, we somewhere have misreckon'd,)
And enter Harry named the Second ;
Fair Rosamond we here must pass,
Although a most delightful lass ;
And give a glance of recollection,
To Cœur de Lion, whose protection
Aided so much the martial cross,
It caused John Bull no little loss.
Now Arthur's woes, (by uncle John
Most villainously put upon);
We *sadly* sung, and still more grave,
Told ye some stories of a cave,
(As deep as Tunnel bored at Highgate,)
Cut underneath the town of Reigate ;
Where Magna Charta darkly *plotted*,
Was there, as since, of course much blotted.
Then you some trivial matters heard
About King Henry the third ;

EDWARD, who caus'd his foes great losses,
And for his wife built many crosses;
Gave to the Welch their native prince,
EDWARD the Second;—you were since
Inform'd this Second EDWARD fell,
And a Third EDWARD bore the bell,
Who with his SABLE SON o'ercame
All co-mates in the road of fame.
With pens impartial we disclosed
How Second RICHARD was deposed;
Doom'd to see all his hopes miscarry,
In favour of our Fourth King HARRY.
The Muse's task wou'd ne'er be done,
(Talking of that King HARRY's son,)
If she again to tell wou'd deign
The glory of Fifth HARRY's reign;
Enough for her with tears to wail
O'er Sixth King HENRY's mournful tale.
We sung of EDWARD, (number four,)
And his *penchant* for Mistress SHORE;
We shudder'd at the fiend who slew
Fifth EDWARD and his brother.—Do
Admit, dear reader, that our pen
Murder'd—the story—o'er again.

If

If at Third RICHARD we have storm'd,
Our lines were, like the man, deform'd ;
And then we own'd no strains were ruder
Than those which told of HARRY TUDOR.
Eighth HARRY's reign includes the lives
Of WOLSEY and his master's wives ;
Sixth EDWARD and his early worth,
And MARY's much lamented birth,
Succeeded are by feeble lays
Which aim'd to sing ELIZA's praise.
On JAMES the First we spent some breath,
And sigh'd, indignant, o'er the death
Of murder'd CHARLES;—wish'd BUTLER's pen
To lash the puritannic den
Of thieves, with CROMWELL and his crew
Who, Judas like, their master slew.
You'll find some few convivial lays
To picture CHARLES the Second's days ;
Of Second JAMES the Muse has rated
The theme so low—she *abdicated.*
Some giddy joy the Bard may plead,
While celebrating RUNNIMEDE ;
The Bill of Rights, and England's law
Restored by MARY and NASSAU.

Perhaps

Perhaps with too much haste we ran
O'er MARLB'RO's deeds, and good Queen ANNE;
When BRUNSWICK coming to our aid,
A most delightful finish made;
Or, "rather," says some critical effusion!
"Made a MOST LAME and IMPOTENT CONCLUSION."

Reader, adieu, confess my task
May somewhat of indulgence ask;
And since no *fable* aids the Muse,
Who may not here her subjects chuse,
But rough or smooth, plain truths rehearse,
Whether or no they suit her verse:
Your better humour will supply
My wishes, where the stream ran dry,
And Pegasus forgot to fly.
Adieu! for dulness pardon me,
And yawning I'll forgive in thee.

FINIS.

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